THE FAMILY OF

JAMES YOUNG AND AMANDA PRINTZ

Eliza Mary	Alfred Baton Fickle
Edward Ray	Margaret Gowan
James Myron	Alice Dawson
David Lawrence	Emma Fair
John Arthur	Bertha Van Buren
William Harvey	Blanche Katherine De Bra
Truman Ross	Anna Kidder

Written by
William Harvey Young
67 East North Street
Galesburg, Illinois
June 1962

Young, William Harvey,
The family of James Young and Amanda Printz. Galesburg, Ill., 1962.

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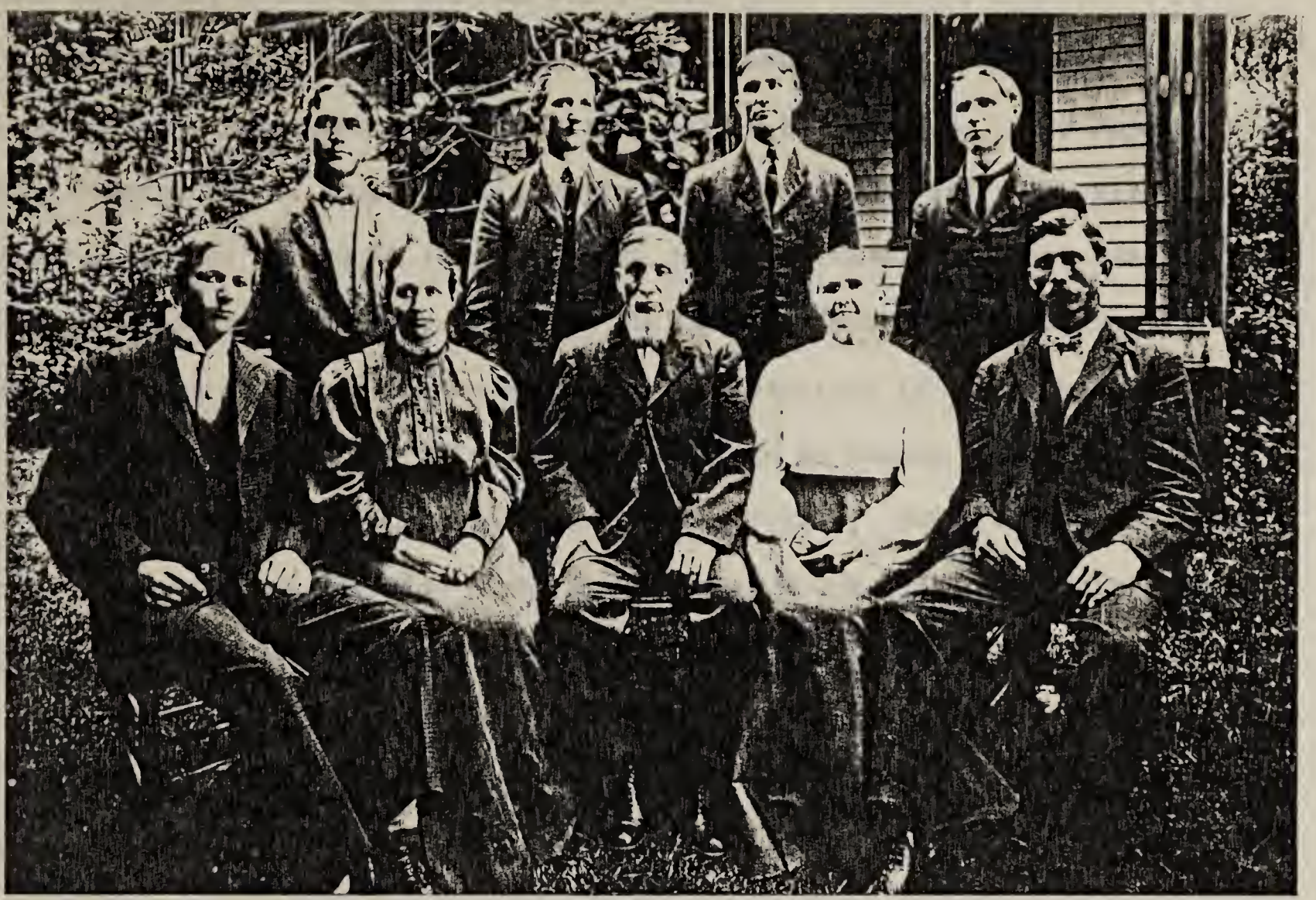
1. Young family. (James Yound, 1841-1921)



THE YOUNG FAMILY - 1906

Lawrence, Myron, Harvey, Arthur

Ross, Lila, Father, James, Mother, Amanda, Ray

THE FARM:

The South $\frac{1}{2}$ of the northwest $\frac{1}{4}$; the North $\frac{1}{2}$ of the southwest $\frac{1}{4}$;
Section three, Township 84, North, Range 2 West, of
The Fifth Principal Meridian,
Jones County, Iowa.

ANCESTRY OF JAMES YOUNG

Elder

as given in "Genealogy of David and Margery Stewart", published by Dr. Thomas A. Elder, Wooster, Ohio, May 20, 1905.

The Youngs were Scotch. They were wealthy land owners in the north of Ireland, whence they came to America, and settled in Maryland. They removed to Mercer County, Penn., about 1800. They were slave owners, and their slaves, Bob and Peg, were buried in the Neshannock cemetery, Penn. They are said to have been baronets. They were involved in Roman Catholic persecutions, and came to America to escape them. They were Presbyterians in their faith.

William Young, and his wife Mary White, lived in Lurgan township, Franklin County, Penn., in 1753. Their children were: William; JOHN; Elizabeth; Margaret; Gilsey. Capt. William Young married Mary Elder. Their children were John E.; David; Mary; James; Margaret; Jane; Elizabeth; William.

Mary Elder was the daughter of David Elder and Margery Stewart. Margery Stewart was born in Scotland, near Paisley, and is said to have been a nobleman's daughter, to have been highly educated, and to have been skillful in fancy needle work.

David Elder and Robert Elder, probably a brother, came to America between 1754 and 1760 from Louch Island of Inch, or Lough Swilly, County Donegal, Ireland. They settled in Path Valley, Penn., Cumberland County, now Franklin County, near Dry Run, west of Harrisburg. All of the descendants of David have left Path Valley long since, but many of Robert's descendants still live there. David Elder's children claimed to be cousins of Sir Walter Scott, but whether on the Elder or Stewart side is not known.

The children of David Elder and Margery Stewart were: Mary; William; ELIZABETH; Jane; Isabel; James; John; Sarah.

John Young, Capt. William Young's brother, married Elizabeth Elder, sister of Mary. Elizabeth was born December 14, 1762; married in 1780; died May 15, 1825, buried in Neshannock cemetery, Penn. John Young was a farmer. He removed from Cumberland County, Penn., to Mercer County, about 1804. He was a

private in Capt.Abraham Smith's Company, Col. William Irvine's Regiment, 6th Battalion, Pennsylvania Infantry, Revolutionary War, enlisted February 4, 1776. He died Feb. 16, 1826, and was buried in the Neshannock cemetery, Penn.

The children of John Young and Elizabeth Elder were: William; Jane; Mary; Hannah; Isabella; Margaret; Elizabeth; John; David Elder; DAVID.

David Young was born June 7, 1801, married Mary Elizabeth Laughlin, in 1827. Their children were: John; Thomas; Jane Elizabeth. Mary Elizabeth Laughlin was born in 1802, died June 11, 1833, and was buried in the White Chapel cemetery, Mercer County, Penn. David then married Eliza Davidson, in 1835. She was born June 11, 1800, and died Sept. 19, 1889, and was buried in the Scotch Grove cemetery, Jones County, Iowa. Their children were William; David Davidson; and JAMES.

James Young was born in Mercer County, Penn., January 14, 1841. He was brought to Jackson County, Iowa, by his parents in 1843. He married Amanda Printz, November 11, 1867. Their children are mentioned on another page. Amanda Printz died September 22, 1910, and was buried in the North Madison cemetery, in Jones County. James married Adel McKelvey in July 1912. His death came on March 16, 1921, and he was buried in the North Madison cemetery, beside Amanda Printz. Adel died in Nevada, Missouri, some years later, and was brought for burial to Maquoketa, Iowa.

THE FAMILY OF
JAMES YOUNG AND AMANDA PRINTZ

The first recollection of my father goes back to an event happening when I was about five years old. Our farm was at the north edge of Madison township, in Jones county, Iowa. The country school which my sister and older brothers attended was half a mile south of our home. My father was at times the director of the school and responsible for hiring the teachers. This resulted in the teachers' coming to our house for board and room occasionally. In the winter when the snow was deep and the walking hard, father would hitch a team to the bob-sled and take the teacher and children to school, driving across the fields and following a trail through Lyans' timber to the school house. On one such occasion, before I was old enough to go to school, I was fixed up in my winter clothes and went along on this drive. The sled box had a layer of straw in the bottom, and there were blankets spread over the straw so that those who went for the ride could sit in the box nicely tucked in among the blankets to keep warm. I was a passenger on this bright sunny winter morning. When the teacher and Lila, Ray, Myron, Lawrence and Arthur got out at the school grounds, I slid out of the back of the box to watch the children at play in front of the school house. I suddenly became aware that father was starting his team toward home without me. So I ran as fast as I could and pulled myself up into the back of the box before the team had got to going faster than a walk, calling all the time to my father to wait for me. When he saw that I was in trouble, he stopped the team and gave me a chance to get up to him in the sled, so that I could go back home with him. I remember very well the smile on his face, and the careful way he tucked me in among the blankets for the drive home.

At this time he was between 45 and 50 years of age. He was about five feet nine inches tall, and would weigh about 160 pounds. His hair was light brown, and very fine, and not thick upon his head. He had a full beard, which covered his chin but was short and not heavy, and lighter in color even than his hair. The lines of his face indicated strength of character-- a large Roman nose,

deep-set eyes, lines about the eyes indicating thoughtfulness and feflection. When he visited me at Grinnell in my college days, a good photographer asked me to bring him to the studio for a picture, as he was interested in the lines of his face. And I have thought the picture a faithful representation of my own conception of his strength of purpose, and nobility of character, as indicated in the face. The impression of reflectiveness was increased by the fact that he did not hear well, and found it necessary to give more than usually careful attention to what was said to him. The loss of hearing came from his work in a factory making Monitor gunboats during the Civil war. He hammered out armor plate, using a 36 pound sledge hammer. The ringing of the metal on the anvils evidently damaged his ears. This was at Carondelet, Missouri, near St. Louis. I am told that the manager of the Carondelet factory was Col. Eads, who later built the famous Eads bridge across the Mississippi river at St. Louis.

Father's body was square and study, his fingers short and strong. He told of being able to take a 36 pound stedge in each hand and hold it straight out from his body. In my young manhood I found that I could hold 20 pounds in each hand at arms' length-- which gave me a high degree of respect for his physical prowess. One occasion gave me opportunity to test the strength in his hands. A little calf had been born in the open field about a quarter of a mile from the barn. Father thought that we should get it to the barn to keep it from getting chilled in the cool March nights, during the wet weather. We carried it by putting our hands beneath its body, making a cradle of our arms by hooking our fingers together. Before we had gone to the barn my hands were getting tired, and my fingers losing their grip on his fingers. But he gave no evidence of being tired, and his grip was firm and strong for the whole distance.

And my father was always well. I cannot recall any time when he was sick enough to go to bed until just before his death. He had a few irritating defects, such as being unable to break his routine as to food and meals without

getting a bad headache. When he would spend half a day on a business trip to Monticello or Anamosa, and so be late for his dinner, he would be most uncomfortable for the rest of the day, with a "splitting" headache. Periodically, too, he would have a session with cankers in his mouth, so it would be difficult for him to eat, or even to speak, and he would suffer with the soreness. He used various remedies, gargling with salt and water, or listerine, or using a powder called "golden seal", but with little effect. The doctors had no effective suggestions for curing the sores, so he would endure them until they disappeared. He suffered a good deal with hemorrhoids, too, especially after work about the farm requiring extra physical effort, such as hay-making, shoveling corn, or butchering. He had a routine which involved a warm water bath each morning after breakfast, but there would be times when he found it difficult to sit in a chair at all. Otherwise, he was strong and well, doing the work around the barn-yard-- feeding and caring for six or eight horses, milking from ten to twenty-five cows, caring for from 50 to 100 hogs when they were being born, being prepared for market, and so on, and feeding young cattle in preparation for the market.

He was not a scientific farmer in the modern sense of the term-- he never used limestone to sweeten his soil, nor rock phosphate nor other commercial fertilizers. His rotation of crops consisted of seeding timothy and red clover with oats, and then use the mdadow for hay as long as the clover lasted. Then he would plow the sod and raise corn for four or five years, or until there was evidence of a slcakening in the yield, of the corn"going down", during the summer storms. Then he would start in again with the oats and grass seed. He did not test his cows for quantity of production, or quality of milk, and fed his own calves for market, buying a few of similar quality each year to make a car load of about twenty. These he would feed and ship to Chicago for sale. His business pblicy was to spend less than he made. Often when he was short

of corn, he would sell live stock not well prepared for market rather than to put money into extra feed to improve the condition of the stock. In connection with machinery, furniture, or clothes, he bought when there was money left from running expenses. There were seven children, and there were times when we did not have the best of clothes, or shoes when they were needed, because of lack of ready money. Father and mother had borrowed money for the buying of the farm in Madison township. This was bought in 1881, and when I was a child, the first claim upon money taken in was for interest and principal on this obligation. When a card load of cattle was sent to Chicago for sale, perhaps $1,000 would be brought homo in bills by father-- pinned in his inside vest pocket. Upon his arrival the first matter of importance was to take this money to John Mac Donald, and make a payment on the interest and the amount of the loan. The farm was 160 acres, and was purchased from a man by the name of Pangburn, for $39.00 an acre. I do not know how much money father and mother had as a down payment, but it took them for 18 to 20 years to retire the obligation. As this first obligation was well out of the way, father bought another quarter section of land a mile south of the home farm. I do not know what this cost, but it did not require so drastic a control of the use of money as was the case with the first farm, for there were the earnings from the two places to carry the load. Before I left home for school he bought the 130 acres kying immediately north of our home, when the owner was selling and taking up his residence elsewhere. This finally became the home of the oldest son, Ray, who was the only one of the family to remain upon the farm.

Mother agreed with father as to the order of importance of the objects for which money was to be spent, though the limitation upon the amount which could be used for living expenses was a greater tax upon her strength than upon his. They were both liberal supporters of the Methodist church at Center Junction. Father served at times as a steward of the church, with the responsibility of calling upon other members for their contributions for the salary of the minister,

and other running expeses of the church. What his own contribution to the church was in the course of the year I did not learn, but he was one of the larger supporters within the congregation. Both father and mother were willing to put money into the education of the children. Elementary education was secured in the country school for a time, and then in the school in Center Junction. Both secondary and college education had to secured elsewhere. All the children of the family left home to attend an academy at Epworth, Iowa, operated by the Methodist church. This was thirty miles from home, and required that the students should find board and room in Epworth during the school year. Graduation here prepared the student for college. My sister and all the boys spent time at Epworth, involving an expense which both father and mother were willing to bear. Some of us could work while at school, sawing wood, keeping lawns, helping in the operation of eating clubs, and so reduce the amount of money which father and mother were called upon to provide. Those of us who went on to college made our own arrangements for the paying of the bills, by working during vacations, and by finding profitable employment during the course of the school year. When it was necessary to borrow money, we could go to the bank, and father was willing to counter-sign our notes with us, giving us the advantage of his credit. But when the notes were to be paid, this was a responsibility of our own.

Father was born in Mercer county, Pennsylvania, near New Wilmington, on January 14, 1841. His father was a farmer, who sold his land and home in 1843 and migrated to Iowa. He loaded his wagon, a team of horses, and his household goods on a flat boat on the Ohio river in October of that year, and went down the Ohio to the Mississippi, where the family and belongings got onto a steam boat the "Chippewa", and sailed up the river as far as Keokuk. Here the rapids required lightening the cargo; so his stuff was unloaded and hauled around the rapids, to be loaded again after the lightened boat had negotiated the fast and shallow water. In November, the boat, the last one to go up the river that year, brought them through the freezing water to Bellevue, Iowa. There David

Young, the father, found a place for the family to stay for the winter. He and the two older sons, John and Thomas, took their axes, and went into the woods of Jackson county, west of Bellevue, to find a site for a mill, and a piece of land where they could build a home. In the spring of 1844 the father moved his wife and family to the new cabin on Brush Creek, and erected a mill, built a dam, and prepared for the grinding of grain for the neighbors. Father had much to tell of this trip from Pennsylvania and the settlement in the new home. This he must have heard from his mother and the older members of the family. His father died in 1846, leaving his wife, with five sons and a daughter to make their way without him. He was buried at Andrew, Iowa, where father finally erected a stone to his memory, and to the memory of an older brother, William, who died in his early teens, before the father had died.

Along with the farm machinery, and equipemnt for the mill, David young was said to have brought with him $2,000 in gold, which was kept in a walnut chest. Two young men by the name of Means came with him. He had rifles, and he, the Means boys, and his two older sons knew how to use them. Fortunately, however, the use was not necessary.

David Young was twice married. The first wife was Mary Elizabeth Laughlin. She is buried in Pennsylvania, having died there in 1833 at the age of 31. Four years later he married Eliza Davidson. Mary Elizabeth Laughlin was the mother of John Young, the eldest child of the family, and Thomas, and Jane, the only sister. William, David and James were the children of the second wife. William was not a healthy boy and his death came early in his young manhood--in 1852, at the age of sixteen. Shortly after David Young's death the wife disposed of the property at the mill and secured a place for farming to the north of the village of Andrew. John and Thomas became carpenters and left the farm to the care of their step-mother and her two younger sons, David and James. The amount of practical knowledge she was able to give them about farming is surprising. She was gigorous physically, able to care for the hogs and cattle,

and to pass on her skill and knowledge to the boys. When father went to farming for himself he knew how to butcher cattle and hogs, how to cut up, to trim and to cure the meat to make it last for the use of the family. Especially, with the beef he would dry the lean portions over the stove, to make what was called "dried beef", and this would keep without refrigeration.

Mother was Amanda Printz. She was the daughter of Cornelius and Hester Camper Printz, and was born in Virginia, along Dunlap's creek, at the western edge of the State, about fifteen miles across the mountains from White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia. She had two brothers and four sisters. Her birthday was August 6, 1843. When she was fourteen she came by train from her home to Andrew, Iowa, to stay with her older sister Susan-- Mrs. Wesley Boteler. A few years later her father and mother, and the rest of the family, excepting William, came to Iowa. Her mother soon died, and her father married again, and moved to northwestern Iowa. Mother was not sure of his address there, and heard little from him afterward, so we do not know where he died, nor where he is buried.

One result of her brother William's remaining in Virginia was that he entered the army of the South during the Civil war. James, on the other hand, was in the Union army. James was wounded and did not regain his strength upon his discharge. His death came shortly after his return home, and he was buried in the cemetery at Cottonville Corners, north of Andrew. The Printz family lived at Cottonville when it was a small village. All that now remains is the name and the cemetery.

Mother went to school in Iowa and became a teacher, which occupied her marriage to father in 1867. They soon moved to Jones county, Iowa, where they bought a farm in Scotch Grove township, at the southern edge., three miles north of Center Junction. The first five of their children were born on this farm: Eliza Mary, in 1870-- always called at home "Lila"-- Edward Ray, 1872; James Myron, 1875; and David Lawrence, 1878; and John Arthur, in 1881. The other

two sons were born on the Madison township farm, a mile east of Center Junction; William Harvey in 1883; and Truman Ross in 1888, on March 24, the same day as Lawrence, but ten years later. Father's brother David bought a farm at the southeast corner of the Scotch Grove farm, and lived there until after father and mother moved to Madison township. He then sold the place and went to northwestern Iowa, near Estherville. When father and mother came to Jones county his mother came with them, and lived with them until the time of her death in 1889. She was buried in the Scotch Grove cemetery near the burial places of three of David's children, who died of some virulent disease when they were between one and four years of age, and dying between July 11, and August 2, 1872. In 1894 father's half-brother Thomas was buried in this same cemetery, beside his stepmother. Later uncle David and Aunt Vira moved to Los Angeles, and their deaths and burials occurred there. Their son George went by way of Kansas to Princeton, California, where he lived for some years and died. His sister, Cora, who became Mrs. Thomas Buley died in the Los Angeles region. Her son Chester now is a Presbyterian minister, and holds an executive position in the Southern Californian Synod of that church.

Mother was of medium build, with dark hair and gray eyes. She told of her humiliation as a little child when friends would come to the house and say of her sisters: "What beautiful blue eyes". But they had nothing complimentary to say of her. In her own family all the children except Arthur had blue eyes and his were gray. The thought she might protect him in part from the same feeling of inferiority which vexed her by saying to him: "What beautiful eyes you have!" "They are just like your mothers".

Father often spoke of what a good student in school she was, and what a successful teacher she proved to be. Every one of her children was watched carefully, and encouraged in his school activities. She was interested to have them commit to memory poetry, and to take parts in school and church programs. She took the interest to see that they had their parts well in mind, and she would

rehearse them, telling them to speak clearly and distinctly, "so that you may be heard and understood." This discipline we all treated as serious business. I responded to her interest, and would learn poems to be rehearsed when I was doing the milking or performing other duties around the farm. One of my keen disappointments came when I was in a college play, and mother could not come to Grinnell to see and hear it, and to express her opinion on how it had been done. But she had died on September 22, 1910, at the beginning of my junior year in college. She had the pleasure of visiting with Lawrence and Emma when he was studying law at the University of Iowa, and of making one visit to Grinnell while I was there as a student. Father did not give the direct attention to our schhol work that came to us from mother, but he wanted us to do our best, and gave practical counsel now and then. When Myron was getting ready to enter medical school he told him that he should specialize in the delivery and care of babies, and the care of the mothers, saying that this was a branch of medicine which he was sure to be called upon the deal with, and that his reputation would depend a good deal upon how successful he was as a baby doctor. When we were in the course of our educational development we all taught school, with the exception of Ray and Ross-- taking our places in country schools. My own four months experience as a teacher came when I was seventeen years of age. Ray was father's good right arm on the farm, and Ross, being the youngest, had to meet home duties which did not rest upon the others in the same way. Lawrence and Arthur both assumed resposibility of teaching in the village school at Harris, Iowa, for several years before their college work was done.

Mother was not strong physically and would get worn down by the load of housekeeping duties in a large family. She often found a neighbor girl to help her with this work, and the children helped as they could. Arthur did a great deal about the house, with the getting of the meals, doing the dishes, etc., and I also helped with washings, canning fruit, making bread, house cleaning, and so on. Lila was away teaching school when she was through school, and

was married when I was ten, so was soon caring for a home of her own. Mother finally found it necessary to go to a doctor, and was in Iowa City for examination when Myron was in school there. She took medicine to neatralize acid in her stomach after meals, and had to modify her schedule of duties to correspond to her physical strength. When I was a junior at Grinnell, I was called home by Myron, at the opening of the year, to help care for her, as she had suffered a "stroke", and her right side was useless. I helped to get the meals, and acted as a nurse, for a short time preceding her death. Myron was her attending physician. Ross was home too, helping father with the farm work. We had a nurse to help us when her care ran beyond our ability. But we were gratified that we could lend a hand to her in return for the many services she had rendered to us throughout our lives.

Mother grew up in a fmily of four sisters and two brothers. Her father, she thought, was Dutch-- Cornelius Printz. Her mother was English-- Hester Camper. They came to Iowa from western Virginia, 15 miles east of White Sulphur Springs, W. Va, across the Allegheny mountains. Her father lived in the valley of Dunlap's creek, with a range of low mountains on one side, and another range on the other side. She spoke of the fishing hole in the creek where she went to catch fish for them to eat. Invisiting the spot in 1914, Blanche and I found a deep hole by the highway bridge, and in the clear water saw fish lying waiting to be caught-- descendents, no doubt, of some of the fish she did not catch. We found the log cabin, then a machine house, which we were told was the original dwelling, in all likelihood the place where she was born. An elderly neighbor, Mr. Damron, pointed out to us the stone chimneys at cabins, which, he said, had been built by my grandfather, for he was a stone mason.

Mother's oldest sister was Susan. She married a Methodist minister, and went finally to Washington, D.C., where he became a successful business man as one of the organizers of an insurance company. They had two daughters. Fannie, became the wife of Elmer Maxson, and her children were of the age of

the younger members of father's and mother's family. They were Judson, Grace and Rose. Judson became an osteopathic physician, Grace was married twice. From her first marriage there was a daughter, now Mrs. Howard Berry of Waterloo, Iowa. She is now Mrs. Ray Van Dyke of Los Angeles. Rose was married to Frank Bishop, and they have two sons. They also live in Los Angeles. Elmer and Fannie lived there until a good old age, and died there in the care of the daughters. Arthur and I were particularly close to the Moxson children, and played with them at their home and at ours. Since maturity we have somewhat lost contact with Judson.

Susan's daughter Gertude, was Lila's age. She married Grafton Mason, and lived in Minneapolis. Her son came occasionally to spend time on our farm, along with his mother. Susan's son Harry was kept busy with his father in the insurance business, as was another son Pierce. Pierce came to Iowa often enough to have good times with Ray, Myron and Lawrence, and married an Iowa wife. He lived out his life in Washington, and died within the last few years.

Just younger than Susan in the Printz family was Kate. She married David Ray, who worked with the Northwestern railroad Company in Chicago, and they made their home at Wheaton. Aunt Kate came often in the summer to our farm, bringing her two sons with her-- Herman and Percy. They were Ray's and Myron's ages. They lived the last I knew of them in their homes in Holland, Mich.

Another sister of mother's was Mary. She was the wife of Horatio Waldo, and lived in Wyoming, Iowa. She became a victim of tuberculosis, and died when she was about thirty years of age. She left a daughter, Blanche, who came to see Lila, when they were both young women.

Mother's youngest sister was Blanche. She married George Williams at Earlville, Iowa, and lived for her active life on a farm near that village. She had one daughter, Kate, and three sons: Roy, Boyd and Clarence. Roy was Ray's age, and they had business relations with each other up to the time of Ray's death, and Roy did not long survive Ray. Roy was not married. Boyd was

occupied in connection with the Light and Power business in Aurora, Illinois. He married Helen Logan, and they lived in their home at 648 Bangs Stree, Aurora, with their daughter, Miriam. After Boyd's death Helen and Miriam continue to live there together. They are both occupied, Helen in one of the city's stores, and Miriam in an office in Chicago. She commutes to her work day after day. Miriam is gifted with an exceptional alto voice, and sings in the church choir and occasionally does solo work on the radio programs.

The youngest one in aunt Blanche's family was Clarence. When he grew up he went into the Navy, and was active unto the time of his retirement. He now lives in Newport, R.I.

All of us held mother in the highest degree of affection and respect. When father was not superintending the Sunday school he and mother would come to church just in time for the service to begin. I would have been at Sunday school, and would be sitting in a seat with Arthur or one of my friends, when father would come down the aisle followed by mother. Their seat was the second from the front to the left of the center aisle. This was near enough to the pulpit to give father, with his faulty hearing, opportunity to hear the sermon. As mother came down the aisle, I remember what a feeling og happiness it gave me. I thought she was the loveliest and most beautiful woman I knew, and I was proud to be her son. The fall when she met with her fatal illness she had not found it possible to sleep well for some time. She would be up at daylight, and would go to the orcahrd to pick up apples for table sauce and for canning. The day I left for Cameron, Missouri, to spend a week with Blanche before I got to Grinnell for my junior year, she talked with me as I was going out of the house to do chores early enough to let me get to the eight o'clock train. She had come in from the orchard with her apron full of apples. As she talked she wept-- saying that it seemed hard to have me go, for there was so much to do at home. She evidently was conscious that her strength was giving out.

She had projects in the operation of the farm for which she made herself

responsible. In the spring she would select the setting eggs, and arrange the nests where the hens could hatch the little chickens. Mother had developed skill in handling the cross and temperamental setting hens, which would pick at her and bite her with their sharp beaks when she adjusted them. In the course of time, when they were incubating the eggs, chicken lice would infest their feathers, and these would kill the little chicks when they were hatched unless they were dispensed with. Mother killed them by putting a little kerosene in the breast feathers of the mothers, and touching the head of each of the little chicks with a drop of kerosene before they were put into the growing pens. This seemed sufficient to cause the lice to leaves the feathers and the nests. Yo give the little ones open space she would have us take for each hen and her brood a sugar or salt barrel, place it on its side in the yard, and hold it in place by stakes driven at the sides. She would keep the hen in the barrel by putting stakes in front close enough together to prevent her escape, but far enough apart for her to eat through the cracks, and for the little chicks to run in and out through them, also. The birds would be fed and watered in this barrel for days, until the little ones had grown feathers and gained in strength. Then the front staks would be pulled apart, and the mothers would leave the barrels and wander for food, to be followed by the dozen little ones, also looking for insects in the grass to eat. At nights the mothers and little ones would return to the protection of the barrels.

She would raise turkeys, too— an exacting process. The turkey mothers were fastend up in the same way as the chickens when the little poults were young. But the turkey hens did not have the same sense of care for the young oncsas was manifested by the hens of the chickens. When they were released from the barrels they would start off through the grass briskly, leaving the little ones to trail along, and getting farther and farther behind. If the grass were wet with dew or rain the dampness would chill and kill the little turkeys. The process of getting them to leave their homes slowly and together

was one that took careful attention and supervision. It had to be postponed until the young ones were getting large enough to walk swiftly through the grass, and to be somewhat independent of their mothers in looking for food. When they were a few weeks old the turkeys became wanderers by intuition— going from field to field over the farm, and living on grasshoppers, crickets and other insects in the grass and weeds. They would often go beyond the boundaries of our farm, and become something of a nuisance to close neighbors, who were not in the turkey business, and did not like to have them come to eat in the grain of the shocks, or to wander about the barnyard where they really did not belong. By fall the young ones were getting large enough for market. With cool weather they would return to the barns and sheds for protection from the wind and weather. It would be a busy evening when we would take the lantern and go to the roosting places to catch the young birds to be put into the crates for taking them to market next day. The income from this source was mother's, and would be used for such special purposes as she determined.

After the oats were threshed mother took up the carpets, cleaned them and the floors, and put fresh straw beneath them, before they were tacked down once more. The fresh straw gave a comfortable feeling to the stocking feet as we walked over the arpets which were newly laid. For sleeping purposes bed ticking was filled also with fresh clean straw for the beds-- in the place of mattresses. What a feeling of comfort it gave a boy to go to bed, sinking into the soft tick beneath him, and to go to sleep with the rustle of the straw beneath. With time the straw would become compressed and less comfortable, to be emptied and filled again with fresh straw. The soft inner husks from the corn were also used for this purpose of filling the bed ticks. On warm sunny days in November when husking was in progress, mother would fasten a bed sheet together by the corners, and attach it to herself like an over-sized apron. She would then go through the fields which had already been husked, pull off the thin inner husks from the stalks until she had filled her container. This load she

would bring to the house and stuff into the ticks. When freshly filled they made a fluffy and comfortable resting place, which one would sink into as he climbed into bed, almost submerged, as though he had got into a feather bed.

Mother engineered the providing of feathers for her beds and pillows, and down for light and warm comforters. She kept around the place a flock of perhaps twenty-five geese. Each spring she would raise a few goslings and keep the supply going, for one would finds its way to the table at each Christmas season. A little creek ran through the farm near the barns. This provided the geese with water to swim in, and dabble in, for part of the year. The feathers grew thick in the winter and would be picked early in the spring before they would be lost by moulting. The entire flock of geese would be driven into the feeding section of the barn where they could easily be caught. Wash tubs with covers of bed blankets would be set just outside the doors. The picker would sit on a milk stool, with the goose or gander up-side-down in his lap, holding the two feet together with the left hand, the head under the left arm, the head encased in a heavy stocking to keep the goose from biting the ribs as the feathers were pulled. These were pulled by seizing a small bunch between the thumb and first fingers of the right hand, and jerked loose with a quick pull of the hand. After each pull the feathers would be inserted into the wash tub by lifting the blanket and dropping the feathers into the tub. First the outer feathers would be stripped off, and a second operation took away the soft down, which was put into separate containers. When all were picked, the feathers would be collected in cloth bags for washing and keeping until enough were on hand to fill a bed, or a down blanket.

When Blanche and I were married, Margaret and Alice gave us a present of a down comforter filled with down mother had collected, and they had saved for us. This made an acceptable addition to our supply of bedding, for the lightness and warmth of a down comforter made it perfect for a cool time when a person was sick and needed a cover, warm, but not so heavy as a blanket.

A bunch of geese newly picked was a scraggly looking outfit, but the geese must have been more comfortable in the warm spring days, and there symmetry returned in course of time as the new feathers arrived.

Mother died in 1910. In 1912, immediately after I graduated from college father was married to Mrs. Adel McKelvey, who lived in Center Junction, and who had been a friend of father's and mother's for some years. She was the daughter of Dr. C.E. Isbel. Father and his wife came to the farm and lived there for several years. Father bought her house in Center Junction, and when Ross and Anna were ready to take over the farm father and aunt Della moved to the house in Center Junction. We found that aunt Della made a wonderfully kind and helpful companion to father to the end of his life, ten years after their marriage. A couple of years before his death he was put to bed with a "stroke", which interfered with his speech and made his right side useless. This kept him confined to his bed for months. Finally he recovered sufficiently to get out of bed with aunt Della's help, and to get to the table for his meals. Myron took care of him as his doctor, Ray and Ross would go into town to stay with him at nights when they could be of use, and Myron's older son Roy, was very good to him and of much help when it was needed. His death came with a recurrence of the cerebral hemorrhage, which put him down again and rendered him hslpless. Lawrence came to spend some time with him, and I drove out from Illinois to be with him for a little time. Our son Harvey was six years old at thetime, and went to be with me while I visited with him. One day as we were sitting beside father, aunt Della's brother, George Isbel, from Maquoketa, was atthe house. He wore a thick full black beard, and was a tall stately man. This day he was in a chair beside a window, in the room next to the bedroom. Looking against the light Harvey and I had a good profile view of him. Harvey at last spoke to me, in a subdued voice: "Daddy, is that Moses out there?" We felt he was doing pretty well bringing to mind the illustrations done by Michelangelo which he had seen in his Sunday school material.

Father's death came in 1922. The funeral service was at the Methodist church. The six of us boys were together and carried his body to the church and to the grave. Before his death he had a granite stone set in the North Madison cemetery at the southeastern corner of the home farm. He was laid beside mother, who had been placed there at the time of her death twelve years before. At the present time Myron and Alice and four of their children lie to the north of father and mother; Lila and Baton, just to the south. A few rods distant to the south are Ray and Margaret, and Cecil. There are granite markers at their graves also. Standing a little way from these graves one can look down the little slope to the northwest to the house and other buildings of the home place where they had lived since 1881.

The controlling interest in father's and mother's lives together was in the care of the children. They were genuinely religious, following the practice of family worship, reading the bible, attending church regularly, as long as they lived. Father had a gift of speech. He enjoyed talking to the Sunday school as long as he was Sunday school superintendent. He spoke fluently with a good use of words, and attractive figures of speech. This phraseology revealed itself in his prayers, which were offered every morning, with the family upon its knees, each one at a chair, with his head bowed. Immediately following breakfast Bibles were distributed, each child having his own. Father would read the first verseof a chapter, and the reading would proceed, verse by verse, around the circle. With the last verse of the chapter we would all kneel in prayer. Occasionally father would name one of the children, and the one called upon would offer an extemporaneous prayer-- and this was good experience in getting one's ideas expressed, and so in serious devotion. The reading began with the first chapter of Genesis, and continued chapter by chapter to the end of the book of Revelation. In this way I read through the bible four times while I was at home. My first experience in joining in the reading came one morning when Lila took me up into her lap, and had me read the first verse for the day. She said:

"Father, you can read the second verse today, for Harvey has read the first one.

An occasional variation in the schedule of devotions would come on mornings when there was little time to spend-- when stock was to be taken to the train for shipment, when we had to help the neighbors with threshing, or other work, or when we were going to Monticello or Anamosa to shop. Then father would select a short psalm, and offer a short prayer, and we would omit the Lord's Prayer at the close of the prayer.

Another religious exercise which was regularly observed was the saying of grace at meals. This usually consisted of a short prayer of thanksgiving when the food was on the table. All conversation would stop and everything become quiet. Father would wait until all was in place, then he would bow his head, as would the rest of us, and he would offer the prayer.

These religious exercises were treated with the most genuine respect by all of us. Often the oldest brother Ray seemed impatient of what he regarded as unnecessary delays. He had assumed responsibility early for getting quickly at the work of the day, and was bothered by too much talking, or too much time given to what he regarded as incidental items unrelated to the work of the day. But he respected the religious devotions, and would stay put for the time used in that way. The effect they had upon him may be judged by the fact that he introduced the practice of family worship into his own home after his marriage.

It was somewhat surprising to hear father read chapter after chapter from the bible, especially in the historical material with difficult proper names of places and people, and pronounce these names quickly and accurately. His education could not be measured in grades. A neighbor woman, Mrs. Blakeslee, taught him and his brother to read, holding school in her house a short distance away. The little boys would attend several months during the year, but the older boys w would go for a few weeks in the winter. The children in Mrs. Blakeslee's school would commit to memory stirring passages from their readers. In the hayfield, when father and I were working together, putting the windrows into cocks for

better handling, he would stop for a moment and repeat sections of this memorized material. In particular, at one time he quoted the closing section of Webster's Reply to Hayne, delivered in the Senate in January, 1830:

"When my eyes shall be turned to behold for the last time the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once-glorious Union, on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent, on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood: Let their last feeble and lingering glance, rather behold the gorgeous Ensign of the Republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original luster, not a stripe erased or pulluted, nor a single star obscured- bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as 'What is all this worth?' Nor those other words of delusion and folly, 'Liberty first, and Union afterward' but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart- 'Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable!'"

He took his broken straw hat from his head, as though he were standing in the presence of the Stars and Stripes, thrust the tines of his fork into the sod to free his right hand, with which he gesticulated, as his voice warmed to the stately and balanced periods, and quoted from his old reading book this that he had read and then committed to memory. It was impressive to me, and after listening to it, I can now recall its cadences, and see before me its striking imagery.

Father and mother said little about the years of their courtship. One incident I recall. Mother and a young woman friend were driving in a buggy to Andrew to take some produce. It was three or four miles from Cottonville. Along the way they came up with father, who was headed on foot in the same

direction. They invited him to ride with them. He was a sturdy young man. As a consequence, when they had him seated between them they had a crowded ride for the rest of the distance.

After their marriage they decided to make their home in Jones county instead of in Jackson county where Cottonville and Andrew were located. Father had a riding mare named Nellie, so he rode horseback the twenty-five miles to the west to the neighborhood of Center Junction where he located the Scotch Grove farm, which they bought. In his investigation he crossed the farm he afterward bought in Madison township. I have heard him tell of sitting on the back of the horse to the south of the home where I was born, looking over the level Mineral creek valley, and deciding that this was the place where he wanted to live. It was better farming territory than in Jackson county-- with blacker soil, and fewer hills. When they moved, uncle David and his family came along, as did grandmother Young, as I have indicated, who lived with them largely thereafter.

Father and mother were well adjusted to each other, with similar ideals and purposes which they wished to accomplish. They were agreed on the use of money: to spend upon the farm until it was paid for, and economize in other ways until this was accomplished. They did not have a comfortable conveyance for the family until twenty years after they were married. There were two lumber wagons for use about the farm, and two sets of bob-sleds for simlar use when snow was on the ground. In addition, there was a light wagon, with half-eliptic springs, for hauling the milk to the cheese factory or the creamery, and for taking the family to church, or to various celebrations-- the Fourth of July, the county Fair, and such events. The seats were of wood, but were set upon ellimptic springs. They were hung to the sides of the wagon box by hooks, and could be changed from one wagon to another as occasion demanded. A regular wagon box was long enough to hold three seats, and this could take the entire family. But spring wagon could accommodate only two seats. This would let father and mother and a little one, sit in the front seat, and three of the rest of us in the

second seat, or crowd into the back of the wagon. A folded horse blanket provided the cushion, and we had a light lap-robe, which kept off some of the dust as we rode along. We had only work horses, heavy and clumsy, so they were not speedy nor stylish on the road. Often we drove the mule team-- born the same year as myself. They were light and active, with small feet, and drove very well. We were all somewhat ashamed to ride behind them however, for the most of our neighbors had light horses for driving. This did not worry father. Mother would have enjoyed a nice driving team, but she did not complain, for that would have meant the investment of money which was required for other purposes. As Ray and Myron got to be young men with social trips to take, they bought a top buggy for themselves, which they kept washed and shined for use in taking their girls to various events. They trained one of the lighter horses to drive single, so were more nearly "in the swim" than the rest of us driving behind the mules.

Father finally felt justified in buying a surrey, which had a top and two upholstered seats. He bought a light harness to correspond, and we would use this for going places, especially when more than three of us were involved. He then got a buggy, which was one some one had for sale. This let us correspond more nearly to common practice when traveling was involved. Both of these conveyances had side curtains which could be fastened to the frames of the tops in rainy, windy, or cold weather. This added a great deal to comfort on the road.

We were always well-enough dressed for important occasions. Mother had dresses made by a seamstress who came to the house to sew for her and Lila. She had a sewing machine, and as long as the little boys wore short pants, she made their clothes. Arthur and I, who were nearly of the same size, wore suits of her making which were much alike--trousers to the knees, long black stockings, waists of light colored cotton, and jackets which were bloused. As we began to get taller we bought suits with long trousers, and from then on her sewing for us was over. We all wore blue denim for work clothes, generally with suspenders

and blue chambray shirts. These were store clothes, and when they wore through they were patched to give them as much life as possible.

Shortness of money for shoes I have cause to remember. When I was growing rapidly I wore a pair of shoes for "good" which were too short. I kept patching them myself, sewing up rips, when I could with needle and thread. When the time came that I could have new shoes, the short shoes had turned in the large toe on my right foot, inducing a bunyon at the joint, and this has made it difficult for me to fit shoes during my adult life. Another incident arising from having too little money occurred when I was in college. Mother came to visit me at Grinnell. By that time she was wearing glasses. The pair she had which were adjusted to her eyes, had broken bows, which she had repaired with thread and adhesive tape, to make them stay in place. She did not feel that there was money to have them repaired before she made the trip.

In 1893 father and mother decided they would spend the money for a trip to Healdsburg, California, for a visit to father's oldest brother John and aunt Becky. Mother, thinking that she might want something particularly nice for the special occasion, bought black satin and had a nice dress made. When she came home she told us that she had never had the dress out of the trunk. She found that aunt Becky was not wearing expensive clothes, so she wore all the time the clothes she had traveled in.

The month they were gone was an interesting one at home. Lila had charge of the house, and Ray and Myron were responsible for the work outside. A batch of pigs were getting ready for market at this time. I can recall the conversations among the older children as they made the decision to send the hogs to market, judging that father would be satisfied with the price they could get. Lila was twenty-three and soon to be married. The boys joked her about planning the meals for a family of seven. One breakfast time she thought she would make muffins for breakfast as a surprise for the brothers. She had not figured how many muffins it would take to feed five hearty appetites, and she was humiliated

to discover how far she was from having enough prepared.

One project carried on by father and mother on the farm which was rare in Iowa was the making of maple syrup. Along the lane leading from the highway to the house were two rows of soft maple trees. Some on who held the farm forty years before had set them in place, and they were large and impressive by the time we lived there. A short distance south of the house by the railroad track was also a small grove of such maples. In some way, in father's boyhood, hehad acquired the knowledge of the steps to take in making the syrup. Preparation for the business began in the winter, with the making of the spiles for tapping the trees. These were pieces of wood about a foot long and an inch square, split from clear-grained maple chunks. When a supply had been split they were taken i into the house and one end was shaped to fit into an inch hole. Along one side a groove in the shape of a V was cut to the depth of $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ inch. In March, when the frost was leaving the ground, and the sap in the trees was beginning to flow, two or three holes were bored into each tree to the depth of two inches, cutting through the cambium layer, carrying the sap. Into each hole a spile was driven, with the groove up, to carry the sap to the outer end where it dripped into a jar beneath. In the larger trees three spiles were inserted and two in the smaller ones. The holes were bored at the proper angle to bring the outer ends close together making it possible for the sap from all three to drip into the same jar. Father used gallon jars of pottery. In the course of a productive day one tree would provide more than a gallon of sap. During the day as one walked along the trees the dripping of the sap into the jars made a musical sound, melodious to listen to. The sap from the trees was gathered in, boiled down to the syrup in large containers which would hold forty or fifty gallons of sap as the boiling was in progress. Father made a furnace of stones building them into an arch upon which a flat tank had been set, with a stove pipe chimney at one end. This provided a draft to carry the fire beneath the entire length of the tank, and the boiling was a rapid process, with the fire

fed from brush which had been gathered together in the course of the summer months. The sap was boiled until it was a light brown color, and thick enough so that it was slow in pouring. Then it was removed from the large pan and the syrup was finished by boiling in a kettle on the kitchen stove. About five gallons of sap would be boiled down to finish with a pint of syrup. While it was still hot the syrup was sealed in fruit jars for keeping until the time it would be used. To simplify the task of getting the sap from the trees to the furnace father made a low sled which was called a "stone boat". On this was placed a fifty-gallon can. A horse was hitched to the front and the tank was taken from tree to tree for the emptying of the jars. When full it was taken to the furnace and poured into the boiling pan. The season's crop of syrup was from twenty to sixty gallons, depending upon the weather. When syrup was sold locally it brought fifty cents a quart, or a dollar and fifty cents a gallon. We always kept an ample supply for our own use, for pancakes, hot biscuits, and such pastry items. In recent years as we have gone through New York State we have occasionally seen signs by the highway saying "Maple Syrup", and have bought some to remind us of childhood days. The last we bought to take to Barbara for pan cakes cost us $2.50 a quart.

Early in father's farming life he secured a threshing machine to operate in threshing grain for the neighbors, for a fee of about two cents a bushel. This activity provided extra income, and so helped in retiring the farm obligations. It was an early type machine, driven by horse power. The gears were operated by six teams of horses, each team hitched to a long and strong sweep. As the teams walked around a circle pulling the sweeps, the large gears were turned providing power which was conveyed by a series of rods to the gears on the machine turning the cylinder which took the grain from the straw, and the separating sieves which conveyed the grain to the elevating and measuring machinery.

Father would leave home early in the morning to get to the farm where the threshing was to be done. He would operate the machine all day until it began to get dark in the evening. He would then eat his supper, hitch his team to his wagon

and drive home for the night. Sometimes he would drive six or eight miles to reach home, which would get him there an hour or so after dark. He would then do the chores by lantern light-- feed the hogs and the horses, milk the cows and care for the milk before he got to bed.

Mother had told him when she was married to him, that she was willing to do the work of the woman about the farm, but she would not milk the cows. After she had waited for his return from his threshing work, listening for the coming of the wagon along the road in the dark, she reflected upon how much better it would be for him if she would have the milking done before he got home. She finally learned to milk, so she could shorten the time between his arrival home and getting to bed. When we were old enough to help with the milking we were surprised to see how successful she was at the business. She was not as strong in the arms and hands as we, but she had developed a hand motion, or technique, which made her a rapid and tireless milker. When this threshing machine wore out father did not replace it immediately but gave up the business, and so lightened the work he had to do.

When I was growing up the desire to run a threshing machine again came upon him, so he bought a used machine from a man who lived near Anamosa. The machine was a "Davenport Oscillator". From him at this time we learned how to set the machine for operation, how to connect the power to the machine, how to set the teeth in the cylinder, and how to make the adjustments for the proper cleaning and measruing of the grain. Father demonstrated to us the proper way to feed the grain into the cylinder so as to maintain a uniform speed of the cylinder and threshing machinery. We would year after year thresh our own grain, and then go out to a few places to thresh for the neighbors, repeating for our time the process in which he had engaged some years earlier.

It was the accepted practice among us children to do what father and mother directed. Mother's directions were sometimes enforced with a switch, but it was seldom that father resorted to this method of seeing that things were done. Since he was somewhat deaf we felt that we could take advantage of him, in the way of

talking among ourselves, when he had directed silence, or making more noise in our play than he usually accepted. He might be sitting by the lamp in the evening, reading the Chicago Record, or the Northwestern Christian Advocate, and we smaller boys would be playing around the room. We might get more or less obstreperous. He would stop his reading, look up, and wait until we were aware he was paying attention to us. Then he would clear his throat and say: "Boys!" That was usually enough to quiet us down. On one winter evening we began again with our energetic playing. This time he looked up and said: "Harvey, go bring me a switch." This meant that I had to put on my winter coat, get out my pocket knife, and go to the northeast corner of the yard where a bunch of flowering currant was growing. This grew in long willowy fronds with few branches, and made limber effective switches which would sting the legs when brought sharply down across them. This night I conceived a plan which I thought would prevent too severe a use of the weapon. When I trimmed the small branches from the main stem I left long knobs which I thought he would see and consider it too severe a weapon to use upon us. I also saw to it that it was an unusually large and heavy branch. But my plan was not effective, and the instrument was applied with sufficient energy to make us dance in trying to make an escape from it. When the dressing down was completed, he laid the switch across the table with the injunction: "Now, when you are spoken to, do as you are told." Mother switched us more often, but her treatments were more impulsive, less calculated, and really not so hard to take.

On one occasion, when we were about the barns doing the evening chores, some conflict developed between Myron and Lawrence, who were getting to be pretty well grown into young men. They were slugging away at each other, but doing no great damage, when father came around the corner of the barn and saw them. He stopped and said: "Larry, bring me the whip." Lawrence went to the road cart which was sitting under a nearby shed with a buggy whip in the socket, got the whip, and silently brought it to gather. He whipped them sharply across the legs. Then he gave the whip to one of the boys to put back into its place, with the stern remark: "I'll

teach you boys to fight." And really that was the only time I ever saw any of the boys come to blows. The whipping was effective because the structure of the buggy whip was raw hide toward the end, limber and tough. The boys were wearing heavy clothes, so would not notice the strokes too much. But it was an experience not to be invited for a second time.

The influence father and mother had on the children was not solely because violations of their imunctions bruought punishment, but because of their genuineness and complete sincerity. They themselves lived by the standards they recommended. They frowned upon profanity and vulgarity, and they observed their own suggestions. I never heard father swear even in the presence of extraordinary vexations-- when the pigs would root open the gates and get into the outer yard where they were not supposed to be; when the machinery would break down and prevent the work drom getting done. One incident in hay time comes to my mind. We were using a hay rake which rolled the hay from the swaths as they were left flat by the mower, into windrows which could be handled by pitch forks. The hay rake was pulled by one horse, and was carried along by two large wheels, one at each end of a long axle. The axle had attached to it, between the wheels, a large number of spring steel teeth which raked the ground and gathered the hay together. On this particular day we were working on low ground which was made rough by boggy spots. Here the axle broke and let one of the wheels come off. This stopped hay making until the machine could be taken to town to Mr. Dawson and a new axle put into place. As father and the older boys were busy working at the broken rake I climbed to the top of a fence post and watched the proceedings. Finally I propounded a question to father. "Father; which would you rather have, a wheel come off, or all of the teeth come out?" His answer was, not to swear at me, but to say: "O, you little boy sitting on the fence talking." This amused the older boys, and for some time thereafter they would answer my questions with my father's exasperated remark. Father had interesting stories to tell of his youth, but he did not include in them anything of a vulgar character.

He told of the early life in Iowa of Kinsey and Mrs. Elwood. They had been

married in New York State when the bride was thirteen years of age. They came together to Iowa and secured a farm of prairie soil. He then got a team of oxen and a breaking plow, with a long, dradually sloped moldboard which could lay the sod in flat strips as it passed. While Kinsey was plowing, he would get the oxen hitched to the plow after breakfast, and start away from the cabin, the plow laying over a long strip of sod as he went to the back of the farm, possibly 160 rods away. He then turned around and came back to the house, the plow turning over the sod as he came. This was a slow process, for the oxen did not walk fast with the plow behind them. As he approached the house he would see his young wife waving her apron at him by way of greeting. She had completed her work inside of the house and had come to the edge of the broken sod to talk a little with him as he turned around, to break the loneliness of her new and isolated home. Her only relatives were back in New York State, and there was no telling whether she would ever see them again.

He told of the experience in helping the neighbor man to husk corn when he was yet but a child. He had been hired to help the neighbor by picking the "down row". The process of picking corn was to have a team pull the wagon down a row, one man wo would husk two rows on either side of the wagon, throwing the corn into the box. The boy would come behind and husk the corn from the row which was pulled down by the wagon, also throwing the corn into the box. He had half as much corn to husk as each of the men, but he had to stoop to find the ears, and pick some of them from the ground where they had fallen. This would continue for the morning, and they would go to the house for dinner. They would again continue the process during the afternoon. During the dinner the man would say to him: "Jimmy, you must have some more of this good meat. You must get well filled, so that when you get out there in the field and take hold of one of those large ears of corn you will"spring up".

One of the interesting lines of activity from his boyhood he mentioned-- calling attention to the change in the way of doing things which had come with the years. In the early winter he would haul dressed pork from near Andrew the fifteen miles or

more to the market at Dubuque. When the hogs had got to be fat, and to a weight of about 250 pounds, the neighbors would come together on a sunny winter's day, for the butchering. Grandmother would heat quantities of water almost to the boiling point. Father and uncle David and the neighbors would kill the hogs one after another, scald them and scrape off the bristles and hair, wash them, open them and take out the insides, and using gambrel sticks, spread the hind legs and pull them up to hang in the cold weather to freeze. In the early morning, with axes and knives, they would separate the two sides, by cutting down the middle of the back bone. Then one man could handle the frozen half of the hog. These would be loaded into the boxes of the sleds and by daylight the men would start with them by teams of horses for Dubuque. With the snow and ice on the roads it was necessary to have sharp shoes on the horses. It would be so cold the drivers would find it impossible to ride on the sleds, so they would get off and walk behind the loads, letting the horses take the way. The walking would keep the toes warm and they could swing their mittened hands around to keep their bodies warm. And so, in the course of several hours, they would reach the market in the city, sell their pork, collect the money,and be ready to start with their lightened sleds for home. This experience with butchering was valuable throughout his life. Early every winter he would butcher our beef and pork. After the meat was frozen he would arrange tables in the kitchen, cut the meat for use, trimming the shoulders and hams, cutting off the ribs and bacon, and then curing the shoulders and hams ready for smoking them with hickory smoke. Mother would "render" the lard from the fat and put it down in crockery jars for household use. The children would help run the grinder to make sausage from the pork trimmings which could be used for that purpose.

The same process was followed with the preparation of the beef for home use, except that the carcase was skinned instead of scalded. The hide was then sold to a merchant who handled hides to be sent to a tannery. Father so largely supervised the handling of both pork and beef that only Ray got well

enough acquainted with the technical aspects to take care of his own meat when he went to farming for himself. When the process of curing the beef was going on, we would have pieces of lean beef hanging from the shelves above the kitchen stove drying. When it was thoroughly dried, in would keep without the use of ice, and would be used sparingly, by being sliced very thin with a sharp knife- the slicing was a test of one's ability to use a sharp knife, since the drying process made it hard and solid.

The curing of the pork was taken care of by putting it-- the bacon sides, shoulders and hams,- into strong brine in a twenty-gallon jar in the cellar. It was weighted with stones to keep it submerged in the brine. This process went on for weeks. When it was treated sufficiently it was hung by hooks in the smoke house. This little house contained an old stove. A fire was built and would be kept going day and night for a good while, burning hickory wood. There was no chimney for the stove, so the house was constantly filled with smoke. The meat took the flavor of the smoke, and was regarded highly as bacon, ham, and shoulder cuts, and these, fried, made a welcome addition to the menu of the family.

The fat which accumulated from the processing of the meat was made into lard, and the less desirable, into soap. We had a large open-mouthed kettle which would hold from ten to twenty gallons. This was hung upon a pole about a foot from the ground, the fire for boiling the soap was built underneath, and kept going with the help of the smaller children until ready to pour. The fat was put into the kettle and covered with lye before the boiling process was started. The solids were dissolved giving the contents of the kettle a soupy consistency. When done, and before it cooled completely, it was poured into a shallow box where it solidified into soap. This was cut into cakes the proper size to use with the hand, and was used throughout the year for laundry purposes. It was too strong for the hands and face, the lye content irritating the skin.

The lye for the soap was procured from wood ashes. Father built an ash hopper, which was a container made of boards with the two sides coming to a point at the bottom like the letter V. The lower ends rested in a spout which was sloped to carry off the water which would be poured through the ashes. During the heating season the wood ashes from the stoves would be dumped into the ash hopper. By soap-making time the hopper would be full. Water would be poured over the ashes in sufficient quantity so that iw dould percolate slowly down through the ashes. As it came out of the spout below it had taken into solution the chemicals from the ashes which had turned it into lye. It was caught in vessels as it flowed from the spout and kept until time for its use in the soap. The lye was too caustic to bear touching with the hands, and had to be handled so that it would not come into contact with the flesh. Mother was the soap maker. But in the lifting, pouring, and keeping the fire going she was helped by the smaller children. We all learned caution in dipping and pouring the lye to be sure that it did not splash against our hands or feet, nor drops of it fly up to hit our faces.

The house in which we lived was considered a good one in the community in which we lived. It was in two parts. The main section was a story and a half in height, and was in the form of a rectangle about thirty by twenty feet. It was built on the top of a knoll at the west end of the maple lane leading in from the highway, and the west end of the trees which gave us the maple syrup. A porch ran across the east end, and there was a door in the east side at the south corner, entered by the porch. This door led into a hall, with stairs running up to the second floor. By the stairs was a walnut rail, with turned spindles, and aheavy top rail, all finished in natural color, and most attractive both in design and color. At the right of the hall a door opened into the front room, or parlor, a room used only when we had company. The hall continued by the side of the stairs, to the west end, where a door opened into the dining and living room. From this room was a door leading back under the

to steps under the stairs, going down into the cellar, where were potatoes, canned fruit, barrels of apples, jars of butter and such items as needed to be kept cool.In the center of the south wall was a door opening onto a porch running along the south side of this section of the house. From the porch a walk led through the lawn to a gate of the picket fence about the yard, which connected with the pathway going to the barns to the south. On the west side of the dining room was a door going into the kitchen. On the north side was a double door leading into a small bed room. To the north of the door from the east hall was a door opening into the parlor, and just north of this was the chimney, built on the ground and running up through the walls and through the roof. A hole for a stove pipe entered the chimney in the dining room, and one entered from the parlor, so we could have a stove in each of these rooms. The diningroom stove was by the double doors to the bedroom.

The kitchen was in the second section of the house set against the west end of the main section. It was only a story in height. The slope of the roofs of each section was the same, so the roof for the kitchen was set against the west end of the main part of the house. The kitchen was about fifteen feet long and was as wide as the rest of the house. A wall ran through it from east to westtoward the north side, and north of this wall was an entrance into a stairway, and room for cupboards and a pantry. A chimney was set upon a bracket in the middle of this morth wall, with the cooking stove placed beneath it, about the middle of the room. Heat for the kitchen came from this cooking stove. In the south wall was a door, with a pathway joining the one leading from the dining room, and running to the barns. A door in the west wall opened to the wood piles, an outhouse, the smoke house and the orchard. The stairway from the pantry ran to the attic over the kitchen, which was a storage place, since it was too low for a bedroom. Under the stairway was a storage place, with adoor into the kitchen, where candles, shoes, and items needed frequently were kept.

Up stairs, in the main section, were four bedrooms. One was above the

parlor, and an opening in the chimney made it possible to have heat in this room. We did not have a stove there, however, except when Ray and Margaret were married they came to live during the winter with us, and the room was heated for them. The hall from the east stairs went past the door to the east bedroom up stairs in a curve to the west, and it continued the length of the main section of the house and opened into the attic over the kitchen. To the south of this hall was a bedroom, and to the north were two small bedrooms.

The floors throughout the house were of matched white pine, covered in the dining room with a rag carpet, woven by some neighbor who owned a loom, and in the parlor by an ingrain carpet with large figures and prevailingly red in color. A regular fall job was to take up the dining room carpet, clean the room, put new straw under the carpet and fasten it down again.

Another capacity father brought over to mature life from his childhood, was sufficient understanding of bees to enable him to care for a few swarms to provide us with honey. The hives were pine boxes about two feet long, a foot and a half wide, and afoot deep. Inside were hung frames into which the bees would build comb with honey for their own use, and for the raising of the young bees. On top, frames were set which were large enough to contain twenty-four sections for the storage of honey for our use. If the distance between the sections were about a quarter of an inch; precisely right for the bees to move freely from one part of the sections to another, they would build sections of comb in each little frame and fill each one with honey. If the space were too wide, they would fill the extra space with a sticky glue, or gum, which would have to be cut to permit the sections to be removed, and this was a difficult proceeding.

Father would put on his bee suit to handle the bees-- a thick jacket, long boots to keep them from stinging through the clothes, gauntlet gloves, tied at the wrists, to keep them from getting to the flesh at that point. His head was protected by a wide-brimmed hat, with netting fastened to the edge,

dropped around his shoulders and fastened at the neck under the jacket. This let him see his work when he was occupied about the hives. This outfit he would use when he was changing the upper frames to get the honey, or when he was putting new swarms into the hive. . When a hive would become over-populated, a new queen would be developed. Then one queen would fly away seeking a location for the swarm. She would be followed by a certain proportion of the swarm in the hive . She would settle upon a post, or the limb of a tree, and the bees would settle around her in a closely connected bunch. Father would put his hive, with the top off, beneath the swarm of bees and then scrape them, or shake them, into the hive, and throw a sack over them. If he succeeded in getting the queen into the hive and she decided to stay, all the other bees would soon go inside and begin to set up housekeeping in the new location.

One interesting episode in connection with the bees occurred on one fine spring day. We noticed that the air about the hives was filled with bees flying in every direction, much as they would have behaved if they were leaving a hive in a warm. It became apparent that something else was happening, for the flying about continued for a long space of time. When finallythis wild flying ceased, about the hives were many bees lying dead. What evidently had been taking place was a battle between our bees and an attacking group from a neighbor's hives which had come to steal the honey from our hives. With the bright sunshine the bees must have concluded that there should be flowers showing up, but being disappointed in this, they decided to take honey where they could find it. How the battle came out there was no way to tell. But in the process they stung everything that got into their way. We had a mother turkey and her brood in a coop near by, and when the battle was over she had been killed by many stings about the head.

Father's devotion to principle was in keeping with the ideas he had gained from his father, as his father had been described to him. His father, David Young, was an ardent abolitionist when he lived in Pennsylvania. He and

his brother John lived on neighboring farms in Mercer county, and both were members of the "underground railway" which transported Negroes who were fleeing from the South to Canada and freedom. On the one side of the basement of the house where John Young livedWas a ramp which permitted loaded wagons to be backed into the basement. Often beneath the sacks of potatoes, or other produce, which covered the top of the load would be fleeing Negroes who were thus hidden until the upper part of the load was removed and they were released to the freedom of the basement. Here they were kept until they could be spirited away to Erie, Pennsylvania, and to ships sailing from there across the lake to Canada, where they were beyond the hold of the law returning them to their masters and their bondage.

Both David and John were members of the Neshannock Presbyterian church in Pennsylvania. When the Presbytery to which the church belonged voted to support the continuation of slavery, the Young brothers withdrew from the membership, and became instrumental in organizing the White Chapel Congregational church, which was an antislavery church. The church was located on the corner of John Young's farm across the road from the cemetery. A basement hole still marks the site of the church, and in the cemetery are stones erected in honor of members of the Young family buried there, including John Young and David Young's first wife Elizabeth Laughlin.

Slavery was no longer an issue when father grew to manhood. He had, however, his positive conceptions of right and wrong in public affairs, as well as in personal habits. He was opposed to the use of tobacco, and told his children that any of them who used it would be disinherited. This threat he did not execute, for the three older sons of his family used tobacco, and father drew no distinctions among the members of the family when it came to the distribution of his property. The sons never used tobacco openly before father and mother, being careful not to give offense to them in this particular. Mother could not be misled upon the point for she washed the clothes and evidence

of the existence of tobacco was bound to make itself known.

In the same way they were both strongly opposed to the use of alcoholic drinks. In this respect the children were more loyal to their point of view. This problem affected the position father and mother took in political affairs. He was a Republican when he was a young man. But when the party was in power in Iowa and passed the so-called mulct law, making it possible for liquor to be sold in a community which voted to permit its sale, father transferred his allegiance to the Prohibition party, which stood for the prohibition of the sale of alcoholic drinks of all kinds. There was never very strong support for this party, but there was an occasional family which joined father and mother in their point of view. These friends would get together for party conventions for county State and National offices. Speakers for the conventions were brought from Des Moines, Minneapolis and elsewhere to discuss the issues; and these interesting people were taken care of in our home for bed and food. It did not concern father and mother that they were in such a small minority-- a matter of principle was involved, and they felt that it was important to stand for that principle. They could not understand why the ministers in their church had so little to say upon the subject, and always belonged to the other political parties. The matter of the use of liquor was frequently discussed between father and his older half-brother Thomas, who was often at our place. He was a millwright and unmarried,so he was free to go from place to place. When I knew him he was getting beyond the age for active work in his craft, and made his home at a hotel in Anamosa for months at a time. He would come to Center Junction on the train, and walk the mile down the track to our farm. He some times brought his great chest of tools to the station, and we would bring it to the farm in a lumber wagon, and uncle Thomas would fix things about the place. He built a wood shed for us near the kitchen door, which was well done and a source of pride to father and mother. He would repair the screens and other things in his line about the house. We made a reput tion among the neighbors by replacing

the foundation under Eby's mill, which was made of large oak timbers. TheEby boys said that he was an exact and careful workman, but working alone on the heavy beams he took his time. When he and father would be together in the kitchen visiting, they would get onto the subject of liquor, and arguments would be presented with energy pro and con, until mother would think it necessary for them to bring the arguments to a close. Needless to say the opinions held by neither one were changed by the discussion. Uncle Thomas was not a heavy drinker, but when he wanted a drink he did not think that the law should prevent his having a place to find it. His use of liquor, and aspects of his conversation, made mother wary of having him about, and having the boys associate with him too closely. But he had seen many places and met many people, and the boys enjoyed listening to what he had to say.

Uncle John and uncle Thomas went to California at the time of the "gold rush" at the end of the 1840s, to seek their fortunes. They found little gold but uncle Thomas found experience and the perfection of his trade. He returned to Iowa and Minnesota to help in the erection of buildings for the rest of his life. Uncle John found a wife in the person of Rebecca Griest, a home in Healdsburg, California, a business in furniture and undertaking, and three sons-Thomas Griest, Eben Flynn, and William Frederick, who died at the age of eight. The others established homes of their own and cooperated with their father in carrying on the business. Uncle John came to Iowa once, in 1876, to visit his relatives. Father and mother made one trip to the west coast to see them, in 1893. Some time after this visit uncle John and aunt Becky died.

One of the tragic experiences of our young lives occurred in 1894, when uncle Thomas shot himself in his room at Anamosa. The hotel keeper sent word to father, and he went to arrange for the funeral and burial. The body was brought to our church in Center Junction, and the burial was at the Scotch Grove cemetery beside grandmother Young. The cause of his death was not much discussed at home. I have explained it from the fact that he must have felt that he was at

the age where he would soon become dependent, and there was not enough money to pay his way in a home or a hospital. He had always been free and independent and could not reconcile himeslef to a position where had had to rely upon others to take care of him. I had heard him talking with father about the advisablity of suicide, and he had said that he "had the nerve" to carry it out if he found it necessary.

In connectionwith the funeral service I saw my aunt Jane Blackmon for the only time in my life. She lived in Minneapolis and came to Monticello by train to attend the funeral. She got a livery man to drive her to Center Junction. The train was late, the few people hadgathered for the service. We sat there in silence for an hour or more waiting for aunt Jane to arrive. Jane's daughter, Dolly Blackmon, a young woman, was with her mother. They went back to Monticello with the livery man, and we had only a little time to talk with them. Dolly was at our house a number of times, but this was the only occasion when her mother came to see us. Aunt Jane was married first to Ed. Flynn. They had a daughter Cora, who was married to a man by the name of Montgomery, and they lived during the summers in the wooded section of Minnesota west of Duluth. Their daughter Dale was a little older than I. She became acquainted with Dr. Charles Noble of Grinnell College when he and Mrs. Noble had their vacations near the Montgomery home, and thus Dale came to Grinnell College when she was ready for her advanced study. Her visits to our farm when she was in Grinnell during her first year interested me in Grinnell, and when I was ready to enter College I went there for my work. Dale married Kenneth Hunter, a Grinnell young man, They lived in St. Paul, where he taught in a private school, and they lived their entire life together. A few years ago Dale died. They have one son-- Evans-- who lives with his family on Lake Minnetonka.

At the death of uncle Thomas the chest of tools came to father, and they were about the farm and were used for some years. When Ross was living in Sterling, Illinois, he took them with him, for he was mechanically inclined, but

upon his moving to California, he asked me to come to Sterling to get the tools. This I did, and freighted them to our son, Arthur, in Rochester, N.Y. There they will be appreciated as much and be used to as good an effect as they would with any of the Young family, I should judge. The chest was a fine piece of cabinet work. Inside it was divided into compartments for convenience in storing the various shapes of tools-- saws, chisels, planes, squares and the others. Some of the inner cases of the chest were made of rosewood, with beaded trim, and with decorative panels.

Sundays were special days at our home, and church attendance was a regular practice. The Methodist church was in the village of Center Junction, a mile away by railroad, and two miles by highway.-- a half mile north, a mile west, and half a mile south. The younger ones went to Sunday school at 10 in the morning, from about seven years up, walking up the railroad track, keeping a look-out for special trains that might come up behind. The ballast was crushed rock, and made uneven walking. We devised a plan, with two boys taking a light stick, about six feet long, and holding it between them as they walked along on the top of the rails. This provided balance and we got so well adjusted to it that we could walk in the dark as well as in the light.

For many years father was the superintendent of the Sunday school, and this meant that he would drive around the road to church, so we would have a ride and not need to walk. He enjoyed singing the hymns. He had a tenor voice, and could carry the tunes without difficulty. He always enjoyed making a short talk to the school at each session. Here he usually told a story out of his experence which carried a moral lesson. And he liked one with a bit of humor involved. On one occasion he told of meeting a friend in Chicago when he had gone to sell the cattle. The friend was on a similar errand. When father saw him he was sitting on the curb of the street with a note book in his hand. He seemed perplexed, so father asked him if there was something wrong. He said there was something he could not understand; in one column he had set down the cost of

the cattle, the cost of the feed, the cost of shipping and selling. In the other was the amount he had received for them. But, he said, the cost of getting them ready for market would not subtract from the amounthe had received. This expressed an important princple with him: when you got to the end of the year, costs must always subtract from income.

After an hour in Sunday school there was a break in the session. The older people had been coming in and filling the seats of the church for the service to follow. The minister would then be there and would officiate at an intermediary service which was called a "love feast". This was characterized by prayers offered by those in attendance, and testimonies as to their religgious experience. One man who disagreed with father's stand on the question of drinking liquor would stand Sunday by Sunday, saying much the same thing each time, to the effect that "if a man had the grace of God in his heart, he could live a Christian life, even if he were living over a saloon". The reputation of the man, as it came to us boys, was that the grace of God, slipped up occasionally, so he did not avoid liquor entirely, even though he did not live over a saloon. When this testimony got underrway there was apt to be a sly exchange of glances among us boys. Another man took occasion in his testimony. to call attention to the shortcomings of the minister, and to the inconsistences in the lives of the church members. He avowed that in the future he would as soon take his chances with the millions, as with such inconsistent church people.

As the young people grew older they were sometimes asked by the minister to give their tesimonies. That required rapid mental adjustments, for though they felt they were Christians, they found it hard to put the matter into specific words. My way out was quickly to stand and say that I was trying to live a Christian life. And this was the general mode of attack on the problem. Only once, as I recall this experience, did mother stand to "give her testimony." That did not worry us, however, for we knew that her religious practice would stand the test, so we could take the experience for granted.

Following the "love feast" was the church service, with the sermon. This service began at 11 o'clock and was over by 12. Members of the congregation who likedto sing would sit at one side of the front platform and make up the choir. They usually met at some time during the week to prepare a special anthem, or song,for the service. There were good voices among them-- always sopranos, occasionally some one could carry the alto part, and a tenor. But always Thomas Dawson for the bass part. He was a carpenter and wagon-maker in the village, and respected as a good workman, so it seemed consistent to find him taking his place in the church and in the choir. Tho it really was surprising for him to appear in public, for the impression we had of him was that he was a quiet and shy man. The singers were helped by an occasional "singing school", which was held in the community during the winter months. A visiting singing teacher would lead the school, and help all who came to learn to sing by "note", to read the various parts, and to fit his voice in where it was qualified to go. A fee was charged each one who came to compensate the teacher for his time. Father and the older children attended these schools, but mother did not go, as she felt she did not have a voice subject to training in music. I think I never heard her sing, when the family might be singing hymns together, with Lila at the organ.

When church was over we would drive home, getting there a little before one. Mother then would get a sumptuous dinner on the table, while the boys would unhitch the horses, put them into the barn and feed them, take off the harness, and then turn them into the pasture for the rest of the day. The horses made fine use of this freedom, galloping around the yard, making the dust fly, tossing their heads and snorting, lying down in the dust and rolling from side to side, and sometimes clear up onto their backs, finally making their way to the pasture to spend the rest of the day eating grass.

Once dinner was over, the dishes were washed, and we lay down for a little rest. Father would use this time for reading the weekly paper-- The Anamosa

Eureka, with its items on the comings and goings of the neighbors, recent business transactions, and accounts of happenings in the county. Or he would read the Northwestern Christian Advocate, the Methodist official paper, with editorials and articles on religious matters and specific church subjects. Day by day he took time to keep in touch with important happenings through the Chicago Record, a daily paper, which, in addition to the news, gave listings of prices of farm products, live stock, and grain. There were shelves of books in the house, but mother was too busy to take time to read, as were the children, too, with chores to do, and work on the farm. I read little during my years at home. When I reached Epworth Seminary I came into touch with Tennyson's "Idyls of the King", and read these with much interest. When I first began preaching I often went to them for sermon illustrations. One young man who listened to one of my sermons came to me to speak of having read what I quoted, but continued that he was surprised that any use could be made of such writing.

About four o'clock Sunday afternoon we had to get to the evening chores, going after the cows, getting in the horses, taking care of the other stock. When milking and separating were done there was time for a supper of bread and milk, a wash and change of clothes, and a trip to town for the Epworth League meeting, conducted by the young people, with one or two of them leading the subject, and the rest taking part according to their inclinations. There was a section of the Epworth Herald to which the leaders had access, with the theme suggested, and comments upon the scripture or the theme. Young people with imagination would introduce ideas of their own and so add to the interest of the meeting. Occasionally the group would arrange social gatherings of the members on the lawn south of the church, or at one of the homes. It was after I left the community that the church building was remodeled to include a room for suppers, and for social purposes. In this way, as soon as the boys and girls were old enough to go out by themselves, they paired off, and had pleasant association together. Many of the young people, including those in our own house-

hold did not dance. There was an occasional dance in the town hall, or at a dancing hall not too far away, but we were among those who found social diversions in other ways. We often held parties for the young people among the neighbors at the homes. Near us was a family where were two sons the age of our older children, and a daughter a little older than I. The second son played the piano. At this home were many parties. Will would play the piano for singing games, and when refreshments were served, for the singing of songs all the young people knew. We had parties of this kind at our home. Attendance was by invitation. The entertainment was largely singing games: "Skip to My Lou"; "Way Down the River";q "The Needle's Eye"-- with the boys selecting the partners, or cantrariwise, and the game being played until every one was ready to sit down for refreshments.

A church service was held Sunday night, following the League meeting. The choir was composed of the older girls and young women. The young men who came to this service filled the back seats of the church. At the close of the service they would line the sides of the vestibule, and step forward one by one, when the proper girl came out, to see her home. The evening service was usually of an evangelistic character, and the sermon would stress the need for salvation, the minister frequently making an "alter call". I do not recall anyone having gone forward for prayer, except in the case of special "revival meetings". It was disturbing to me to see what I regarded as a good preacher turning to the evangelistic emphasis. One excellent preacher, who began many of his sermons with some such phrase as, "There is a law running through nature", followed by an interesting illustration, with a continuation of constructive illustrations appealing to the general interest of the listeners, held a series of revival meetings, with an appeal to the unconverted to escape the punishment awaiting them. I felt it an inconsistency in his approach, and not a very convincing interpretation of the Christian life. Nevertheless it represented the underlying conviction of most of the ministers to whom I listened in my boyhood. When re-

vival services were held the appeal was intensified. One summer, arrangements were made by the minister for two weeks of revival services which were held in a large tent on the lawn of the church. Seats were made of planks from the lumber yard, and the ground was covered with straw. Father and mother wanted to cooperate with the minister to make his work successful, so arranged the work on the farm to enable them to attend some of the evenings each week. The burden of the preacher's emphasis was that no Christian experience was complete without having received the"second blessing". He ridiculed education, especially theological education, as unnecessary for religious understanding, and emphasized the prime necessity for the Christian life in the seeking and finding of the "second blessing". The first blessing was conversion, the "second blessing" was being endued with the Holy Spirit. Father, I suppose, did not hear what was being said very clearly, so made no response to the point being stressed. Mother, never having gone through the experience of conversion, seemed to feel under his preaching that there might be something lacking in her Christian life, so knelt at the altar in search of this "second blessing". I must have been in my early teens at the time, but I felt there was something incangruous in having mother's spiritual welfare being prayed for by a man who made light of knowledge and understanding. Mother came to the same conclusion finally. The striking experience of the "second blessing" did not come to her, and she seemedmore than ever satisfied with her former conception of true religion in character, faithfulness to duty, and a manifestation of the spirit of Jesus in everyday living.

Lila was away in school in Epworth Seminary before I was ten. When she graduated she began to teach school, and this occupied her for a couple of years. At Epworth she had met a young man by the name of Baton Fickle, some older than she, and preparing to be a Methodist minister. She concluded that she would marry him, and he was invited to come to our home on various occasions. He ran into a trying experience. Father and mother treated him courteously, but he had to run the gauntlet set up by the three older brothers of the sister--

Ray, Myron and Lawrence. They entertained themselves by embarrassing their sister. Baton felt it necessary to ask father for the privilege of marrying his daughter. But it was not an easy thing for him to find a quiet time alone with father for talking the matter through. It finally came about in the making of maple syrup. Father was busy collecting the sap to take it to the boiling place. Baton volunteered to help him. This threw them together, with the boys absent and busy some place else. Ever after when one of the boys became interested in a girl, the other boys would want to know whether the time had come to "carry the sap". Lila and Baton were married and lived in a number of church parsonages in northeastern Iowa. They had three sons and two daughters, one of the daughters dying when she was about ten. Raymond was the oldest. He lived with father and mother for some time when he was a boy, and was much attached to his grandparents. When he was through high school he went into the army during World War One, and was killed by a locomotive while he was guarding a railroad bridge some place in Iowa. Arthur, Alfred and Mary grew to maturity. They have been active along various lines, and were always good friends of the folks back home. Arthur spent some time with his grandparents, too, but especially remembers the good time he had working with his uncle Ray on his farm. He became a line-o-type operator and now lives in Manitowoc, Wisconsin, with Ena his wife. He has carried responsible duties with his trade union. Alfred worked for a newspaper in Cascade, Iowa, and is still there. He has not married. Mary is Mrs. Percy Green, 609 West 2nd Street, Rock Falls, Illinois, and is a grandmother a number of times. Baton and Lila retired to Wyoming, Iowa, and moved to Mt. Vernon, Iowa, where Lila died in 1935. She was buried beside her father and mother in the North Madison cemetery, at the corner of the home farm. Baton then lived at his home town, Lake City, Iowa,,after her death. And upon his death Arthur and Alfred brought his body to the home cemetery and laid it beside Lia's.

Ray was one of the most willing and effective workers on the farm I have

known. He was up with father in the morning and got the work immediately under way. If the cows were away at the end of the pasture he went for them and hurried them along to the barn. He made himself responsible for the care of the horses, feeding them, and currying and brushing them, putting on the harness and getting them ready for work. During the working season we would use as many as eight or ten horses, so this was quite a job, preparing them for the day. If weather were warm their coats would be crusted with the lather of the prvious day's labor. So they enjoyed being combed and brushed, and they needed it. It might be that the shoulders would be galled by the collar, or if they had been carrying the tongue of the machines during the day, the necks might be sore. These injuries would need washing and treatment with healing medicine night and morning. When this was all done, and the barn cleaneed, father and the rest of us would have the cows cared for, the milking done, the cream ready for going to the market, the hogs fed, the little calves taken care of. Then we were all ready for breakfast, which mother and her helper would have ready for us. Ray always did the heavy and exacting work. If it were seed time, he would drive the seeder, the drill, or the corn planter. In haying he would pitch the hay, before we got a mechanical hay-loader, mow it away in the barn, or put it in its place when it was being put into a stack. The mow provided a hot and heavy job. The hay would come in through the door at the end of the barn in great forkfulls about a fifth of a wagon load in each one, and would be brought along the track by the carriage to the place where he was working. When it was in place he would call "trip!", and the man on the wagon would pull a rope attached to the fork. The hay would fall into the center of the barn, and Ray would have to pitch it with his fork back under the roof to the sides and tramp it into place. Haying time was always warm weather, there was little ventilation in the mow, and when he had finished with the load he would come from the mow with his clothes dripping wet with sweat. Originally the hay was also thrown onto the wagon by hand. It would be raked from the flat swaths into windrows, then put

into little stacks-- called "cocks", with pitchforks. The cocks would be set up in long rows across the field. The man on the wagon would drive the team along the row of cocks. As they came to each one, the man on the ground would stick his fork into the cock, and by force of muscle lift it from the ground and throw it onto the wagon. The driver would take his fork and place the hay on the wagon and in this way a symmetrical load would be accumulated, rising perhaps six feet above the bed of the rack. As it neared the top of the load the pitcher on the ground was required to put all of his effort into lifting the forkful to the proper height-- his legs and back, and finally his arms-- throwing the hay onto the top of the load for the driver to put into its proper place there. When mechanical loaders were invented, they involved a light frame which was carried along by one axle and two large wheels. This was hitched behind the wagon with the rack, and the team pulled the wagon down the south, making the wheels turn to drive the elevators and work the hay along to the top where it would fall onto the rack of the wagon. One man drove the team and the other put the hay into its place on the wagon to form the load. When the load was completed it was driven to the barn and unloaded with the harpoon fork which was used for the purpose, carrying a huge fork full to the track running from end to end of the barn, and attaching itself to the carriage on the track by means of a special lock. A small rope was attached to the harpoon fork, and by means of this roped the mechanism which held the hay in its place would be moved to release it, so that it would fall into the center of the barn. Thus, load by load the hay would be hauled from the field to the barn with the man doing the work getting plenty of exercise in the process.

At harvest time, when the oats, or other small grain, was cut by the self-binder, the bundles were dropped in rows around the field. Men would come along and put them on end in bunches of 10 or 12 bundles. These were called "shocks", and were set up to prevent the rain from soaking the straw and grain and making it unfit for threshing. But it was hard and hot work. Ray was very good at

this-- with long and strong arms, he could reach out for the bundles, and set them in place rapidly, and so get the fields from the bundle stage to the shock stage. There the grain would stand until time for threshing.

When the time for threshing came, which would be long enough after harvest for the grain to dry and cure in the straw, the large threshing machine would come to the farm, pulled by a steam traction engine. It would be set near the barns where the straw stack would be conveniently located for winter use. The bundles of grain would be thrown onto the wagon rack, hauled to the machine, which was turning with the power of the traction engine. Bundles would be thrown, one after another, into the cylinder, which was so constructed that it beat the grain from the straw. The grain then fell to the bottom of the machine and was conveyed to the elevator which carried it to a weighing machine, which dropped it into a wagon box for hauling to the bin. The straw was carried on through the machine to an elevator there which transported it to a place for the stack. Men, working on the stack, gave it shape as it grew in height to enable it to stand against the weather. For threshing, a dozen or so men would come together. Some would haul bundles, some would haul grain to the bins, some would work in the straw stack-- the least desirable place to work around the machine-- with dust and dirt flying about in the wind, coming from the machine. Ray often was called upon by the neighbors to build their stacks for them. In due course of time he became worn out with the dust and dirt of the job, and asked to be changed from the stack to working with the bundelss.

Ray was an expert man with an axe. We had some timber on our farm, and made use of it for the making of fence posts, the sawing of some lumber, and the supplying of fire wood for the winter heat. In the winter the woodsmen would go into the timber and cut trees which would make straight lumber, of useful dimensions. The trunks were piled to be hauled to the saw mills. The limbs were trimmed, hauled to the house and piled together for fire wood. In late winter a buzz saw would be brought to the house and set beside this pile of

limbs. A few men would gather, carry the limbs, run them through the saw and cut them into proper lengths for fire wood. With this done, the remainder of the winter would be used for splitting the chunks into small enough pieces for the cooking stove. The chunks which were knotty, and difficult to split, would be thrown together and saved to be used in the heating stoves in the living part of the house.

All hands on the farm were called to help with this splitting job, for there were many motions involved. Here again Ray was an expert. He could handle an axe with strength and accuracy. In the splitting of a chunk it was necessary to set it on end and hit it a vigorous blow with an axe. Then the axe had to be swung again, with another blow being made in the same spot as the first, and this continued until the blows would separate the fibers and split the chunk. Accuracy and strength were required. For this reason some of us could get more done in a day than others-- depending upon strength and sureness.

At the job of cleaning the manure away from the barns, again it was a strong and physically capable man who was required. And Ray qualified for this work, too. For loading and spreading the manure a five-tined, or six-tined fork was used, the lifiting of the fork full required muscle, and this he could supply. Every fall it was necessary to change some of the fences. The fence was planned to run in a straight line across the field. The holes for the posts would be dug with a spade. Stakes would be set, with flags attached, to be used as sighting points. A hole would be dug every twelve or sixteen feet. To do this quickly required strong shoulders, arms, wrists and hands, and an understanding of the proper way to manipulate the spade. No one in our family could do it as well as Ray.

In his late teens he went for a time to Epworth Seminary. But he found that he was more interested in farm work than in academic accomplishments. So he decided to make farming his life's work. In 1901 he married an Epworth girl, Margaret Gowan, whose home was at Cleghorn, Iowa. They were married in August,

and for the first winter lived at home with father and mother, Ross and me-- the only ones left at home. They set up a stove in the east room up stairs, so had comfort and a degree of privacy there. But Margaret worked with mother around the house, they ate with us at meal time, so we shared the same home until their new house was ready on the south farm, and the barns were ready for the stock, and they moved into a home of their own. After some years there they moved into a home on the 139 acres lying across the fence to the north of us, and this place was their home for the rest of their lives together. There were three children-- Eloise, Elizabeth, and Cecil. Margaret died in 1929. Eloise taught school after completing her work at Cornell college. She married a Quaker, Merlin Mather, who was teaching at the same time with her. They lived in Elgin, Illinois, and still have their home there. During the winter they go to Mexico where they give volunteer help in education, in building water works for villages, and in recreation. This work was begun under the influence of the American Friends Service Committee, but they keep it going, due to their own interest and initiative. They have two sons-- Keith and Ray. Keith is married, and they have children. The older one is David Marion, but I do not have the name of the second. The wife's name was Nancy Lee Geiser. Ray graduated from Earlham college, and spends his time with an amateur Play group, producing plays.

Elizabeth also taught school ater her work in college, and married a young man whom she met at Delhi, Iowa, where she was teaching-- H. T. Schnittjer. He was with a bank at Wyoming, Iowa. They then operated a restaurant at Eagle Grove, Iowa, following upon the training Elizabeth had in Home economics. They had two sons and two daughters: Richard, Gary, Margaret and Connie. At Eagle Grove Elizabeth was taken ill with cancer, and died after a year's illness. She is buried at Delhi.

Cecil helped Ray on the farm and finished high school in Center Junction. After a year in Cornell college he worked with a truck owner who hauled stock to Chicago. Upon one of these trips, the truck ran into a freight train on a

rainy night and Cecil was killed. He was buried with his father and mother in the North Madison cemetery, near Center Juncion.

Margaret's death came as the result of a heart spell. They were living at the time on the farm north of the home place. She had been active in the Methodist church in Center Junction, and in the Home Bureau. Both of the girls sewed and cooked and helped in the activities of the Four-H Clubs of the Home Bureau in Jones county.

It was an event in the life of our family when Ray was preparing for his marriage to Margaret. All that summer he wore gloves to keep his hands a little less tanned than usual, and this was an interesting change in practice for him. Margaret was welcomed by us all. Lurence and Myron were at home for the summer vacation when she came. Lawrence had known her well at Epworth Seminary, and it was a pleasure to him to have her coming into our family circle as his sister-in-law. Father and mother gave her a hearty welcome also. They were generous to Ray and to her, providing them with horses and other stock for the beginning of their farming operations. Up to the time of mother's death in 1910 mother and Margaret did many household tasks together, and there was much going back and forth between the two homes. We helped each other with the harvesting, threshing, corn cutting and haying. When they moved to the farm across the fields to the north of us there was a lane and gate directly between the two houses, and these were much used in the interchange of affairs. One Christmas season two or three years after their marriage Ray and Margaret planned to visit her folks in Cherokee county. I went to their house to take care of the chores-- milking, feeding, keeping the fires going, etc., while they were away. In these ways it was helpful and pleasant to have our houses so close together. After the children grew enough so they could visit us, they meant much to their grandfather and grandmother, and came often to visit them.

Previously I have just mentioned Lila's daughter Mary. She and Percy Green, her husband are the parents of three children: Clarence Richard; Ethel Viola;

and Mary Elizabeth. Clarence is umarried, and lives at Santa Monica, California. Ethel Viola is Mrs. Walter E. Young of Rockford, Illinois. They have three sons: Clarence Carl, 13; John Leslie, 9; and Allen Walter, 2. Mary Elizabeth married Donald Lyle Wilkinson, and they are moving to Fort Worth, Texas, with their children: Mary Christine, 9; Penny Kay, 8; and Donald Raymond, 6. Percy has not been well for some time, and is at present in the Veterans' hospital at Madison, Wisconsin. He served with the U. S. Forces in World War One.

Myron early decided against farming as his life's work. He was not around the farm as much as Ray, spending more time in school at Epworth, away for several years as a teacher, and studying four years at the University of Iowa in medicine. He was not so strong physically as Ray, nor so experienced in the rigorous activities in woods and field as Ray. He had an agreement with Ray which enabled him to pay the cost of his medical education. For two years of his schooling at Iowa City the classes ran for only six months of the year. Vacation extended from spring to fall. Myron was home for this time each year, and joined Ray in the operation of his farm. The income was divided btween them and thus Myron got his school bills paid. He was in Iowa City at the time the course was extended from three years to four, and his last year's classes ran for nine months rather than for six months, as formerly. He was a serious student, and talked at home of the progress he was making through the various courses of study-- anatomy, with the dissection of human bodies for observation; surgery, with the operation being performed by prominent surgeons from various cities of the State, and the boys sitting in the seats looking down upon the surgeon at work below them, and talking to them about what he was doing. He gained respect for the men in the faculty, and when he became established in a practice of his own, he would put perplexing cases into his car and take them to Iowa City where he and they could have the benefit of the added knowledge and experience of the men on the faculty. When his courses were completed he decided to practice in his home community, with his office in Center Junction. When he was

ready to practice he came home to rest for a few days before he went to work. He came into town by train and walked down the railroad track to the home farm, carrying his little black medicine case in true professional style. We sat around the room talking of what was in store for him. There was a telephone call from the home of a neighbor to the west— Robert Lyons. A sister Mary, who had been in Colorado seeking a cure for tuberculosis was home, and was having a bad spell. Could he come to see her? He took his case in his hand and walked up the track the half mile to the house. From there he went some place else and this continued so that he was never home again to stay for any length of time. He found a small house in town which was moved to the main street, and remodeled to give him a waiting room, an office and drug room. And this became his headquarters for the twenty and more years he continued his practice in Center Junction. He bought a large house from Judson Lewis, just south through the block from the office. Here he and Alice Dawson came in 1903 when they were married, and here he lived until he moved to Cedar Rapids to practice in the 1920s. He was a good doctor, careful in diagnosis, especially successful in case of mothers and babies, and wise enough to arrange for consultations when he felt any uncertainty about a case in his own mind.

Father gave him a driving horse, a coach horse named Dale, light in weight, but tough and willing to go. He got other horses to let him have two teams of horses. He had a buggy with a storm top, with glass enclosure in the front and the two sides. He had good winter-weather clothes— cap, coat and gloves, with boots for his feet. He had a man to care for his team and to drive for him in stormy weather or at night. He covered territory regularly about fifteen miles in diameter, and often kept on the road day and night in March, when the roads were bad and sickness prevalent. The driver would take him from place to place and he would get what sleep he could in the carriage as he rode. About 1910 he purchased a Moline automobile which cut down his time on the road in dry weather, but it was long before the roads were covered with gravel or concrete to enable

him to use the car in time of storm.

He was a member of the Masonic lodge at Wyoming, and of the Consistory in Clinton, Iowa. This association with the men he enjoyed. He was for a time the Mayor of Center Junction, and was influential in getting the village water system in operation while he was in office. He was active in the Methodist church, and helped in its work as a trustee, joining in the financing of the remodeling of the building as it was needed. He closed his office at eleven Sunday mornings to enable him to attend the church services. He was interested in bu siness affairs and boughtlots in town where he and the boys could raise garden stuff. He owned a farm in Scotch Grove township where he kept a herd of dairy cattle, biring a man to operate the farm for him. He won the confidence of the neighbors and patients and was often requested to administer estates and execute wills for them. He sometimes was paid for his services in farm produce or live stock, and k kept a pasture wher he could pasture the stock until it was sold.

He was of medium height and slight in build. The long hours and strnuous driving in his practice broke his health at last, and he came down with tuberculosis. In the early part of 1926 he took a vacation to Arizona and the west coast. When he came home after six months he felt better, but decided to give up his rural practice, and bought a practice in Cedar Rapids from a doctor who was moving, and there he continued to practice until his death in February, 1928. He had prospered and his family lived comfortably in Cedar Rapids. Shortly before his death he went to the hospital for an operation for hemorrhoids. A loose blood clot lodged in his heart and death came suddenly and unexpectedly. He was buried in the North Madison cemetery in the lot beside father and mother, and his little children already there-- Esther, Robert and Rachel, and later, Roy, the oldest member of the family was buried there also. Alice did not long survive him, and somewhat later Ralph was killed when a train struck his automobile. Ruth, now Mrs. Charles Vreeland, of Louisville, Ky., is the surviving member of the family. The Vreelands have adopted Richard, Ralph's

son-- who has just now graduated from high school in Louisville.

Myron was born in Scotch Grove township on August 29, 1875, and died on February 23, 1928. His full name was James Myron, and he was often spoken of in the family by his initials-- J.M. He was interested in making business bargains. As a growing boy he had a homemade chest with a lock, in which he kept his trading stock. This was a source of much interest to those of us who were younger, and could be about when he opened it. There were nickle-colored chains, pocket knives, pencils, marbles, fishing tackle, handkerchiefs, and many other articles which boys would want and which he could use as trading stock. As he grew his interest enlarged. He secured a hard tired bicycle which he rode for some time to the Hanken school three miles away, where he was teaching. Later he got Pet, a western pony, a harness and a road cart, as his means of transportation. Pet was around the farm for many years. All of us drove her, or rode her,down to Ross, the youngest member of the family. She was generally gentle, but was tricky, and would "run away" if the one handling her were careless in hitching or unhitching her and left the reins free for a moment. She would be gone in an instant, and would break the harness and the cart as she ran.

Myron was emotionally deeply moved by mother's death, after he had taken care of her for several weeks. When mother was gone, he would come out to the house to visit, and would go by himself from room to room, as though he were wanting to recall the experiences which had come to him there. Many of his patients had been close friends, and their deaths brought him a sense of personal sorrow, as well as professional disappointment. He told of having spent the night by the bedside of Mrs. Witham during her last illness. He felt she could not get well, so stayed with her throughout the night to render what help he could. During the night she became anxious and troubled for fear of death, and askedwhether he could get a minister to come and pray for her. He was sympathetic with her state of mind, so told her, if it was all right with her, that he would take the place of the minister, so he knelt by the side of the bed

and quieted her by the prayer he offered. He held a place of affection in the minds of many of his patients. Fathers and mothers, whose sons he ushered into the world, responded to his care by naming their sons "Myron", and now more than the usual number of men in that community carry his name, as an indication of the feeling of the parents for the doctor.

Myron married Alice Dawson, the daughter of the wagon-maker. She was an outstanding young woman in the community, more than usually active in the church, a worker in the Sunday school and the Epworth League, and the choir, acquainted with the bible, better educated than most of the other young women, and a teacher in the public schools. They had been acquainted since childhood, but had not given evidence of any deep sense of attachment to each other. The wedding was at the Methodist church at 8 in the evening. Arthur and I, along with several young friends of ours, had our first part in such a service, as ushers. A little before eight we were standing in the vestibule of the church. The guests had been seated. Myron and Mr. Dawson entered the vestibule. Myron took outhis gold watch, pressed the stem and opened the case. It was five minutes to eight. He looked at Mr. Dawson with the comment: "On time for the wedding." Mr. Dawson smiled. Myron was twenty-eight, only a young man, but he was mature and experienced, and respected. Alice soon came, and the wedding went forward. Mother had arranged a reception at our house following the ceremony. The Dawson family was present. The older half-brother, Bert, who had been secretary to Senator Allison of Iowa, and later was elected to Congress. Howard, Myron's age, and a good friend of his. John V., Arthur's age, and a self-reliant young fellow. Minnie, my age. There was much conversation as we stood together with the members of the families, and the neighbors, in the yard. Then refreshments were served, and the company broke up. Myron and Alice had the home waiting for them in town. There was no wedding trip. Patients were waiting to be taken care of in the morning. Myron was well known among the doctors of the county, and this introduced Alice to women of other com-

munities-- Anamosa, where there was a woman's club into which she was welcomed; Monticello, where she made acquaintances and developed interests beyond the bounds of the Center Junction community. To these contacts she responded, and met them with personal ability, and the capacity to carry her responsibilities along with the rest. At the same time she filled a useful place in the church, and in the community of Center Junction. There were three daughters and three sons born into their family: Ray, Ralph, Esther, Ruth and her twin brother Robert, and Rachel. Rachel and Rovbert died shortly after their birth, and Esther as a little girl. Roy, Ralph and Ruth grew to maturity.

Roy attended Coe College in Cedar Rapids. He was occupied for a time in Chicago after his father's death, and met his death there in his early thirties. His body was brought to the home cemetery for burial. He had been married to a Chicago young woman, but they separated after living together for a year or so.

Ralph went to work as a traveling salesman. He was twice married. There are a son and a daughter by his first wife. The daughter is married and lives in California. The son, Richard, lives with Ruth and her husband. Ralph and his second wife lived at Palo, Iowa. As he was starting for his work one icy morning his car was struck by a train, and he was killed. He was buried in Cedar Rapids. At this time his young son, Richard, went to live with Ruth and her husband, Charles E. Vreeland, at Louisville, Ky. Richard has just graduated from high school.

Ruth received training as a nurse at St. Luke's hospital in Davenport, and practiced as a nurse there until the time of her marriage, and she has done nursing since they have lived in Louisville, where Charles is employed with the International Harvester Company.

Three young women grew up in Myron's and Alice's home: Evelyn and Mildred Sutliff, distant cousins of Alice; and Lulu Grim. Evelyn became Mrs. Robert Livingstone. Robert was a Center Junction young man. They lived on farms for some years, and finally retired to a home in Anamosa. They have three daughters

Jean, wife of Bruce Brown of Brevard, N.C.; Lois, who is Mrs. James Wild of Anamosa; and Doris, now Mrs. Wayne H. Larson of Cedar Rapids. Lois has three children: Jimmie, 14; Jeanne, 10, and David, 5. Jimmie is much interested in live stock, and shows swine and young cattle at live stock shows near home. Doris has a son and a daughter: Wayne R., jr.; and DeBra Lee, or "Debbie", as she is called at home. Wayne is 10, and Debbie is 8. Mildred was getting to be a young woman when Myron and Alice died. She was married to William Bixler, now of Kentfield, California, after twenty years in Texas. They have two daughters and one son, and there is a granddaughter. Lulu married Lloyd Robertson. They have lived for some years in Anamosa, and there was a son born into their home.

David Lawrence was born in Scotch Grove townships, on March 24, 1878. He was an alert and imaginative boy and young man, and did unusual things. He too went to Epworth Seminary, and from there to Morningside College at Sioux City.

In between he taught school for two years at Harris, Iowa. His reputation opened the way to the same position to Arthur when he came to the proper educational qualifications.

In Morningside, Lawrence met Emma Fair of Galva, Iowa, who became his wife. When he was about 13 he had a spell with rheumatic fever which kept him on crutches during the period of recovery, and left him with a damaged heart. This became enlarged in his fifties, and was finally the cause of his death. As a boy he joined Myron in raising pedigreed chickens-- White Leghorns, Houdans, Light Brahmas, and Black Langshans. They built a special house for them in the orchard, with a fence to separate them from the farm flock. They advertised and sold some for attractive prices. They took them for showing to the county fair, where they won prizes. The interest in this project stopped when they left for college. Lawrence published the Morningside College paper while he was there, played on the foot ball team, and disturbed president Lewis with his insistence that he would not graduate if he had first to take a course in Latin. How the dispute culminated I do not know, but he received his diploma and degree, and

after his marriage to Emma, he went to the law school at the University of Iowa, where he prepared for practice. He set up his office in Boise, Idaho. He became interested in the development of farm lands in Idaho, and invested in the setting out of apple orchards, as well as in cattle and horses. At Boise he became acquainted with Senator Borah, and was elected to serve a term or two in the Idaho legislature. Failing health sent him to the region of Los Angeles, in California. There he practiced law only a little, but established a printing business, in cooperation with his oldest son Lawrence. This was the Cloister Press in Hollywood, and is still operated by the oldest son. Emma has recently removed from the family home in Burbank to Encino, where she and the daughter Grayce have lived together.

David Lawrence was named for his uncle David, whom he resembled in size and personal characteristics: imaginative, unorthodox in his way of doing things, ready with his responses. He and Emma were active in the Methodist church in Hollywood, and Lawrence was a more than usually successful teacher of an adult class in the Sunday school of the church, where his unusual approach to matters of religion, and his capacity for expressing himself in interesting ways, maintained a large following.

While he was in the West, father, Ray and Myron joined him in various business enterprises, and several times they all went to see him and other relatives and to talk business, at the same time. He, Viola and Harvey drove back to see us one summer, and Lawrence, the son, and Ruth his bride, were here on their wedding trip. Viola Became Mrs. Bernad J. Brady. He is a lawyer, and his responsibilities in the army give him the rank of Colonel. They live in Westmont, a suburb at the west side of Chicago. Lawrence and Ruth live in North Hollywood. Lawrence has been successful in business, is much interested in religion, and has been a world traveler. He has a family of three sons and four daughters. Barbara, the oldest daughter, is married to Raymond L. Webb, and they live not too far away from her father and mother. The others are in the process of

gettigg an education. The other children are David, Mimi, Jonathan, Michele, and Andrea.

Richard Harvey, Lawrence's brother, is a dentist at Monrovia, Calif. He and his wife, Frances Coyle Young, have two children: Jacqueline, and Richard Harvey. Grayce has been a successful teacher in the Los Angeles school system. Gladys married an educator, Guy Davis. They have four children: Madeline- now Mrs. Steven Lindberg-, April, Dennis and Larry.

For David Lawrence, the rheumatic fever came back in the form of an enlarged heart, and this cut down his capacity for doing things, and brought about his too-early death on October 7, 1938. Emma and Grayce have lived together since that time, until quite recently, when Grayce became Mrs. Charles Eugene Conway, and they now live in Albuquerque, N. M. Grayce had become a friend of our daughter Barbara, and has been in our home when she was in the middle west attending professional meetings. At one time we were all hospitably received by the California family when we went west with our son Arthur in 1956.

John Arthur was born in Scotch Grove township October 4, 1881. He was physically much like his brother Myron. He became adept at house work, as a boy, and was mother's first assistant when she did not have other help. I succeeded to this responsibility when he undertook other duties which finally took him away from home. He was a good student, and early interested in church matters. He followed Lawrence's footsteps, going to be the principal of schools at Harris, Iowa, before he had completed his studies in Epworth Seminary. From Harris he brought two girls Sophia and Elsa Lindstrom, to attend Epworth, and a young man, Floyd Emerson, who became roommate with Arthur and me at Epworth. This began a friendship which has lasted to the present time. Arthur early decided to go into the ministry of the Methodist church. Before he completed college at Upper Iowa University at Fayette, he was associated with the Upper Iowa Methodist Conference, and was regularly appointed to churches. On July 12, 1905 he was married to Bertha Van Buren, the daughter of one of the Center

Junction ministers, and they together made his way through college by regular work in the ministry. His entire professional career was spent within the bounds of the Upper Iowa Conference. He held various churches of good size: Vinton, Iowa Falls, St. Johns, Davenport, and others. He served for five years as a District Superintendent, living during that assignment at Cedar Falls, Iowa. He was asked to carry various responsibilities beyond technical church service, being elected as a trustee of Cornell College, with re-election from time to time. His alma mater honored him by conferring upon him the degree of Doctor of Divinity. After retirement he moved to Arlington, Virginia, and he has acted as supply minister to various churches in that area.

He and Bertha have three children: Florence- now Mrs. John A. Rexroth, of Arlington, Va.; Arthur Eugene, in government service, and now of Arlington, also; and Edith, now Mrs. Les Clawson of 3524 Winston Way, Carmichael, Calif. Florence has two daughters, Carol and Nancy-- Carol is in Bucknell College, Pennsylvania; and Nancy in high school; Arthur Eugene's wife was Helen Marsau, of Gysert, Iowa. They have a son, John, and a daughter, Susan. John is a graduate of Miami Univ., Oxford, Ohio. He recently was married to Julie Ann Satkamp, of Oak Park, Ill, a graduate of Miami Univ. John is in M. I. T. working for an advanced degree in meteorology. Susan is in high school, and is a member of the vocal organizations for girls in the school, as well as a member of the church choir. Edith has two sons, Paul and James, both educated for technical work, and employed in making planes, Paul in the Los Angeles area, and James at Seattle, Wash. Paul and Bonka, his wife, have children-- Keanette and Nancy; James and Jean have sons-- Kerry and James.

Situated as they are near Florence and Arthur, Arthur and Bertha are privileged to enjoy association with some of their grandchildren frequently, which has its great reward.

During Epworth Seminary days Arthur excelled in speaking, and has carried on this interest as a preacher. He has a rich and melodious voice, pleasing to

listen to. His sermons were marked by thoughtfulness and a warmth of religious appreciation, but with an appeal to the judgment and understanding of his congregations to a larger degree than to their emotion. He bought books and read magazines during his ministerial career, and was thus aware of the events that were taking place throughout the world, and in touch with current thought in political, economic and religious fields. He and Bertha retain many friends from among the people with whom they have worked; evidence of a truly friendly attention he gave to the people of his churches, and their appreciation of his kindhess to them.

William Harvey, the one who is telling this story, was born in Madison township, December 21, 1883. He, with Arthur was herdsman for the cows when they were fed along the roadside because of short pasture, and when they were taken to Mineral creek once a day, a mile to the north of the home place, when the surface wells were short of water. On one occasion he surprised me with his composure and adequacy in dealing with the neighbor through whose farm the creek flowed. We have fiftenn or twenty cows strolling along the mile to the creek. On this warm day the water holes within the fences of the highway were completely dry. Arthur opened the gate into the pasture of the neighbor and let our cows go into the pasture to gain access to the water in the pools there. Before we got them out again, the neighbor came down the highway, astride a horse, and shouting at the top of his voice for us to get our cattle out of his pasture. I was frightened, for I did not know what explanation to give him for opening the gate. Arthur reassured me by his composure. He did not seem disturbed by the shouting, but waited for the man to come where we were, and then said that the water in the creek belonged to the public and so we had the right to get where the water was. He assured the man that we would bring the cattle out and close the gate, so they would not eat his pasture. And this seemed to pacify him, so we ran into no more trouble. Arthur was two years older than I was, but in dealing with people he was much more mature.

Then I was ten two men came from Scotch Grove, with a drilling machine, and drilled a well for us near the barn yard, so that we would have water without regard to the amount of rain-fall in any one season. The well was 160 feet deep when it was finished, with about 100 feet of water in it. A pump was installed and a wind mill erected over the pump. A large tank was set inside of the barn yard, to the east of the pump. When there was wind there was water always in the tank. When weather was quiet we sometimes had to pump water by hand for the stock. This required more muscle than one boy possessed. So, when water-pumping was necessary, two boys would disconnect the pump from the wind mill, put on the handle, and do the pumping, both of them working together. I recall with what pleasure I beheld the windmill turning in the wind, as I came from school one fall day. The men had been at the place during the day, had put the fifty foot tower together, with the pumping-head and the wheel on top, and had raised the tower to its feet and fastened the feet to the anchor posts. This all happened during the one day, so I saw something entirely new to me as I came through the woods and out into the field above the house, with the wheel turning in the wind, and I knew the water was flowing into the tank. Water for house us-- cooking and drinking-- was carried in a pail the ten rods from the well to the house. Water for washing came from a large cistern, which was filled with rain water piped from the roof of the house. The last job in connection with the chores morning and night, was to take the water pail to the well, adjust the handle of the pump, fill the pail, and carry it to the house as we went in from the barnyard for meals. In this way it was seldom mother had to get her own cooking water. It was difficult for her to attach the handle to the pump, so she relied upon us for this service. For a small boy, it was inconvenient to carry a pail of water in one hand, the weight over-bearing the body. Thus the pail would hang unevenly and the water would splash out onto the feet. Two boys could manage it well, taking, one the right hand and one the left, the bail of the pail and so carry it stright and evenly and without spilling.

Young cattle and some of the colts were taken to the south place for pasture during the summer season. A well had been dug in the pasture near the road, and a trough set beside the curbing of the well. The trough was sixteen feet long, a foot wide and a foot deep. Boards were nailed to the well curbing for a man to stand upon, when he was dipping water for the stock. A small rope was used with a pail attached. The pail would be dropped to the water, swung back and forth until it could be turned over and dropped into the water to fill. Then it was pulled hand over hand to the surface and emptied into the trough. This was continued until the trough was filled. Then the cattle would be called. On a hot day they would be thirsty, and would come running across the pasture from the timber making the earth tremble with their motion and weight. When they reached the water they would stretch out their necks and drink the water in great draughts, soon emptying the trough. All this time the man would have been pulling up water as fast as possible to keep some water in the trough as the cattle or the horses drank. Once a day one of us would go from the home place the mile to the south place to water the stock there. In busy seasons this was the job of one of the smaller members of the family, and fell to my lot frequently. I had an unreliable bicycle which I could ride over the dusty road, if air could be kept in the tires, otherwise I walked across the fields to the road leading to the south farm. When the cattle would walk away to graze the trough would be filled again, to provide something to last until the next day.

Until Ray was married, and took over the operation of the south farm, we ran it from the home farm as a base. In almost the exact center of the south quater section was a beautiful burr oak tree-- truly a "pasture oak", having grown up here by itself, so that the top was thick and symmetrical, and cast a heavy shade. Beneath was a fine blue grass cover on the ground, and this made an attractive place to eat lunches when we were working on the place. We would come from home in a wagon, leading extra work horses behind. At noon we would tie the horses to the wagon and feed them hay and grain in the box. While they

were eating we would spread our lunch on a blanket on the grass beneath the tree and rest as we ate. Mother would have prepared an ample lunch for hungry workers, with a hot dish, perhaps, sandwiches and fruit, and we always had a jug filled with drinking water. Machinery for working the farm was brought from home on its own wheels, if it were a planter, or a cultivator, or reaper, but if a harrow or other type of tool without wheels, it would be loaded onto the wagon and hauled over, to be taken back home when the work was done. Before Myron and Lawrence left home, there were times when five of us would be working at this farm, eating our lunch together at noon, and driving five cultivators through the corn fields at one time. This made work go very fast, with five rows being cleaned at one trip through the field. This meant that ten horses had to be got ready each morning and brought from the one farm to the other before the day's work began. Preparing for planting we might have five horses pulling one two-bottom gang plow. Four horses would be attached to the evener on the plow, and two lead horses sretched out ahead, with a double tree at the end of a chain which ran back under the tongue to the plow. So, too, we sometimes would have five horses on a self-binder for cutting the grain-- three on the binder evener and two ahead. The light and nimble and spirited horses would be used in the lead as they were ready to go when spoken to, and they soon learned to turn the corners easily.

Among our work animals we had a team of mules, Lucy and Nellie. They were born the same year as I, and broken to work when they were two. They did their share of the farm work from that time until father gave up active operation of the farm. They usually worked as a team and were used on the road for farm hauling as well as in the field. My first field work was done with them as my team. I was plowing in the spring, with a walking plow, with a twelve inch share-- small enough to be pulled by two horses. Father had a man working in the same field, and so decided that he could trust me to operate the plow, since I had some one near enough to call upon if I needed help. Mr. White, the man, was using a fourteen inch plow, and since the two plows would not turn the ground evenly together, we were working on different "lands", and for a time, each round brought the two plows close together. I must have been

about ten. The only hard part for me was turning the corners. The plow had to be pulled back so that it would go ahead in the new furrowly evenly. The mules knew how far to go ahead on the plowed ground before they turned. I would shove down on the handles to lift the double-trees, so that the mules would not step over the tugs as they turned, then they would turn exactly into their places, the right one taking the furrow ready to go ahead. I would then lift up on the handles and the share would dig into the ground at the proper place. Horses would have been more nervous at the corners, and more clumsy, so they would have stepped over the tugs more frequently. But the mules knew hoe to do it, and all I needed to do was to follow them. And this was equally true of cultivating corn, and working with other types of machinery. They were gentle, and seemed to have a feeling of responsibility. In other ways they gave evidence of judgment. When they were brought from the field at noon and taken to the trough for water, they were thirsty after the hot morning's work. But they drank in sips, rather than in leargo mouthfuls. They would shove their noses into the water for the cooling effect, but drank sparingly. Horses would have drunk rapidly, and have been more likely to have made themselves sick with the cool water.

Nellie was unfortunate enough to develop a sweeny in one shoulder which made her quite lame and it was difficult for her to walk over plowed ground after this. So she did not work much any more, and finally died. Lucy lived until her working days were over. One day she ran around an old strawstack where loose and wet straw were on the ground. She tried to turn on this, but her feet slipped and she fell on her side. She evidently died at once from heart failure, for she was not breathing by the time father reached.her.

We became attached to horses as well as to the mules. As a young man I was engineering the farm work, and had a team of tall slender horses by the names of Prince and Mammon. Prince was a sorrel, and Mammon a roan. They were about equal in size and strength, and worked well together. They were heavy enough to be strong, and so to pull heavy loads. They walked rapidly, and while too large to make good driving horses they were good to haul loads upon the road. Prince was especially

intelligent and friendly to us. He developed the capacity to unlock the door of the cow barn with his upp or lip when he was loose in the barnyard, to pull the door open with his chin, then to go through the barn, unlock the door at the other end, and shove it open, to let him out in the yard hear the house. This let all the other horses, cattle and hogs follow him. We would come home to find them having a holiday where they were not supposed to be. Or he would go to the yard gate, lean against the front end with his neck so as to pull it back and partly open, then he would go through, followed by everything else in the yard. When one of us went into the barn to feed and care for the horses, Prince would be standing in his stall waiting for us. He would reach his head over the manger and "nicker" at us in a low tone, as though he were saying: "Can't you see that I am ready for my feed?" When working the horses in warm weather, we would stop them, go to them and lift their collars from their necks to let the breeze blow through to cool them off. If you would stand in front of Prince, he would put his nose into the crook of your arm, getting his head into a convenient position for you to pat his neck, which he seemed to enjoy. In planting corn, cultivating corn, going to the quarry for stone, or taking grain to the mill, they were a satisfactory team to drive, and I found great pleasure in using them.

For the year 1905 to 1906 I was away from the farm attending Epworth Seminary. In the fall of 1908 I left for four years at Grinnell college, graduating in 1912. I then was three years in Union Theological Seminary, New York City. I studied sociology at the same time in Columbia University under Doctors Giddings and Tenney, completing the courses for my Master of Arts degree. By the end of my tehological course I had become a member of the New York Conference of the Methodist church, with my first appointment as assistant minister in the Washington Square Methodist church on Fourth Street in the city. Rev. Sheridan Watson Bell was the minister of the church, and I assisted him by running boys' clubs in the church house, by calling upon people in the parish, and by taking

charge of the vacation school. During my Seminary course I had my room for a year in the Lennox Hill Settlement on the East Side of New York among the Bohemian people. I taught English to the men who had not yet learned it, and prepared them for their examinations in theFederal Court when they wished to become citizens of the United States. I would then pilot them down town to the Qharters of the Federal Judge and stay with them during their examinations and while they were being sworn in as citizens.

In Epworth I became acquainted with Blanche DeBra. She received her A.B. degree in Northwestern University in 1908, and taught school while I was completing my college work. We were married at Cameron, Missouri, where her father was president of Missouri Wesleyan College, on September 16th, 1914, at the beginning of my last year in the Seminary. We had a delightful wedding trip from Cameron to Center Junction, to see the folks at home; by way of Chicago to Virginia, and Dunlap's Creek, near Covington, Va., to spend part of a week in the mountains. We located my mother's birthplace-- a log cabin by the side of the creek, at the foot of Bear mountain; to Norfolk, Va., and by the Old Dominion Line over night to New York City, and my last year of school. We lived the first year in a four room apartment on 123rd Street, a block from the Seminary. On Sundays I preached at a Community Church at Malvern Long Island, and Blanche made these trips with me to become acquainted with the people there. For the second year we moved to an apartment on the 4th floor of 277 West 11th Street, where we lived while I was at the Washington Square church. On September 8th of that year, 1915, James Harvey was born in the Methodist Deaconess Hospital in Brooklyn. Polio was prevalent in the city. Blanche and Harriet Bair, a classmate in college with me, decided to bring their babies to the middle west for the summer. In June Fred Bair, Harriet's husband, and I, took two weeks for walking through New England, from Portland, Maine, over the White and Green Mountains to Lake Champlain, then south to Springfield, Mass. In September, 1916, I came back to our first church in the middle west, at

Magnolia, Ill.] that September. Blanche brought Harvey from her home at Cameron, Mo., to meet me there.

In the course of my succeeding minsterial life we were in churches within fifty miles of Peoria. When we were in Magnolia, in 1917, William Arthur was born on November 14, in Chicago. When at El Paso, in 1920, also in Chicago, Barbara was born on October 27th, and when we were in Brimfield, after I had transferred to the Congregational church, Katharine was born in Peoria, on April 29, 1927. I retired from active work in the church when we left our last church at Thawville, in 1956, and we have lived since that time in Galesburg. From September 1958 to March 1959 I was asked to come to the First Church, in Burlington, Iowa, to serve as interim minister before Paul Pitman came to be the minister. This was a particular pleasure to us, as the second minister of the church, from 1846 to 1910, had been Dr. William Salter. He had come to Iowa as a Congregational missionary, and had worked for the establishment of churches In Jackson County long enough to have become acquainted with grandfather and grandmother Young, and had been entertained by them for meals and for over nights at times. When an old man he had come from Burlington to Center Junction, at the invitation of my father to visit, and to go to the grave of my grandmother, where he had stood reverently, with the wind blowing his thin white hair, and had repeated verses of hymns in recollection of his early days in Iowa, when he had been entertained in her home. It was my privilege to speak from the pulpit where hehad served for 64 years, and to talk with the older people of the church who had come up under his ministry. From November 1961 to July 1962 we were asked to come to the church again to do the pastoral work. I did not preach, for I had given this part of church work up, due to the nervous energy it consumed.

James Harvey received his A.B. from Knox College in 1937, and his Ph.D. in history from the Univ. of Illinois in 1941 He was married to Myrna Goode, also an Illinois Ph.D. in Latin and Greek. They have lived in Atlanta, Ga., since,

where he has been in the history department of Emory University. They have two sons, Harvey Galen, in his second year as student in Emory; and James Walter, a freshman in Emory. Myrna has taught Latin and Greek in Agnes Scott College for women, located near by, in Decatur, Georgia.

William Arthur went to work with Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N.Y., in the making of lenses in 1941. This followed upon his courses in physics in Knox College, where he completed his work in 1939. He married Shirley Londa-ville, in Rochester, in June, 1944, on the 6th of the month. They have two children-- David, nine, and Martha, two. They live on the shore of lake Ontario in Webster, N.Y. a few miles northeast of Rochester.

Barbara completed her biology work in Knox college in 1942, graduated from the Johns Hopkins University in medicine, in 1845, and now is a psychoanalyist with her practice in Baltimore. In Knox she developed an interest in the cello but has not played it since her professional duties have become so absorbing.

Katharine finished her work in Grinnell in 1948, and worked for two years as a chemist in the department of pharmcology of Washington Univerisyy, St. Louis, where she cooperated with a doctor who had a project under way to seek to discover the effect of cancer upon brain tissue. June 25, 1950, she was married to Paul Leiner, a graduate in Pharmacy of the University of Iowa. They now have their own store in Toulon, Illinois. They have three daughters, and one son: Nira Jean, eleven; George Harvey, nine; Barbara Joan, four; and Margaret Louise, two.

Truman Ross was the youngest member of father's and mother's family. He was born at the home place March 24, 1888. I had been four years old the December before his birth. I recall the day, with unusual things happening-- the presence of Nan Nichols, a neighbor woman, She was busy going back and forth from the kitchen to the dining room, and the bed room beside it. Each time she went through the kitchen door she would close it behind her. Finally father came, bringing Dr. Isbel with him-- from Center Junction. After a time I heard

a baby crying. But I do not remember how long it was before I got to see him.

Dr Isbel ran a drug store in town, and practiced medicine in addition. He had received his medical education by associating for six months with a practicing doctor, and then started out on his own. Sometimes we called another man, similarly trained-- Dr. Maxson. He was a fine specimen of physical manhood- tall, square, erect, with a full white beard. Dr. Isbel was an elderly man, too, tall, slender, with a thin face, something of the Abrham Lincoln type. The story was that as a young man he wore a full black beard. At the time of the election of Lincoln to the presidency Dr. Isbelwagered with some oneagainst the election of Lincoln. If Lincoln were elected he was to shave off his beard, and not let it grow again. At least, when we knew him, he was smoothly shaven. His son, George, wore a full black beard, much as his father's must have been, so the family was not without the evidence of manly achievement which the beard was supposed to indicate. Dr. Isbel's daughter became Mrs. McKelvey, and later married my father, after my mother's death. Dr. Maxson was more than a doctor to us. His son married my mother's niece, who lived near us for a time. In this connection we became friendly with the doctor, and he visited us and ate meals with us occasionally. The niece, Fannie, with Elmer, her husband, lived in Washington, D.C. for some years. They finally came to the doctor's farm three miles north of our place, and their family made a good set of companions for the younger members of our family, for playing together and such friendly association. Elmer, Fannie and the children stayed at our home for a time after their return from Washington, while they got the residence on the Maxson farm ready for occupancy. Later, Elmer, Fannie, and the family moved to northwestern Iowa, and from there to Los Angeles, where Elmer and Fannie died, though Grace and Rose and their families are still there.

Ross grew up to be a tall man, with square shoulders, blond hair, blue eyes, and fair skin. He went to school at Epworth Seminary, and eventually married an Epworth girl, Anna Kidder, on June 23, 1915. In the meantime he

had completed his college work at Upper Iowa University. At college he took a part of his recreational time as a member of the football team. His college work was interrupted by home farm duties, where, with the rest of us gone, father was in need of assistance. When he and Anna were married they moved to the farm, while father and aunt Della moved into Center Junction and lived in aunt Della's house. Father kept two or three Jersey cows, which provided milk and butter; and a little bay horse which he called Ziggy. He had a light wagon in which he drove the two miles to the farm and back again. This let him work a little in the field, husk enough corn for the horse andthe cows, and pick up enough wood for the kitchen stove. Ross continued to operate the farm until 1922, when he had a sale in December, and undertook work as the assistant secretary of the Y.M. C.A. at Elgin, Illinois. After seven years, or in 1929, they went to Sterling, Illinois, where he became the secretary of the Y.M.C.A. They lived in Sterling for eighteen years. At that time he had reached retirement age. He sold his property and moved to Pacific Palisades, California, where they now live at 666 Haverford Avenue, in a house which he built with his own hands. His retirement has been a busy one, with the productive employment of his mechanical talent, building, repairing and remodeling houses and helping neighbors with their electrical and plumbing problems. His interest in cooperative activities manifested itself on the farm when he was active in the Farm Bureau, being for a time president of the Jones County Farm Bureau, and speaking on many occasions in the interest of the organization. His mechanical ingenuity was put to good use, too, for he secured a gasoline engine, and a milking machine, and combined the two for getting the milking of his cows done, the milk separated and the work lightened generally involved in taking care of a barn full of Red Polled cows.

There are three children in his family: Anna Marie, now Mrs. Rev. Robert Caldwell, who now lives in the parsonage of a United Presbyterian church in Whittier, California, with a fine family of children: Barbara, Judy, Robert and

Susan.

Ross Eugene is the secretary of the Y. M. C. A. in De Kalb, Illinois. His wife was Tommie Skinner. She was a registered nurse and they met when Ross was in the army. They have three daughters: Patricia, Elizabeth, and Virginia.

Paul lives in Harbor Springs, Michigan, with his wife, who was BarbardLou Jones of Mt. Vernon, Iowa, and their seven children: Barbara Ann, fifteen; G. Arlene, thirteen; Kenneth Ross, eleven; Penny Lee, ten; Ray Allen, nine; Kathy Jo, seven; Diana Romaine, six. Paul has an electrical appliance business. Anna Marie and Ross Eugene both are graduates of Monmouth College, Illinois; Paul was for a time in attendance at Cornell College, but left his educational work to enter the Air Force in World War II. Ross, too, served in the war, and was with the army in Italy.

Ray, Lawrence and Ross were full of fun, and possessed a native sense of humor. They joked bout people they knew, the unusual events that happened in the family and the community, the cattle and the horses, and the peculiar behavior of everything with which they came into contact. In this way they made association with them a lively and entertaining experience.

Father and mother improved the farm he owned and lived on. As the family grew in size and more room was needed another story was added to the kitchen. This provided a large bed room, and a room near the chimney for the storage of s seed corn during the cold months. The kitchen was made into a dining room, and the wood house was turned around and connected with the house on the west, and equipped for kitchen use. Sheds were added to the barn, on the east for the feeding of cattle, and on the west for the milk cows. A granary for the small g grain was built, as was a chicken house and machine shed. At the time the deep well was drilled, Mr. Magee was employed to dig a reservoir for the storage of water, and water was piped to the hog house and the horse barn, and places which were lower in elevation than the reservoir. The horse barn was built with a warm basement, space for the storage of hayand grain, and room for thirteen

horses in the basement. The stone for the basement was hauled from a quarry in Scotch Grove township. It was layed by William Lamberton of Wyoming, a stone mason who learned his trade in England and was an excellent workman. The framefor the barn was sawed from the oak of the timber at the southwest corner of the farm-- the logs being hauled to a saw mill some miles distant and the dimension lumber hauled back home.

When he first came to the farm in 1881 father set aside two acres southwest of the house, but close by, for an orchard. He planndd to have a supply of various varieties of apples for winter use, with a few trees each for summer and fall use. A serious error was made by the nursery from which the trees were purchased, in that they did not run true to the orders. As a consequence there were only a few trees of winter apples, and some years we might have as many as a thousand bushels of Wealthy apples, good for fall use, but not for keeping.

The raising of the trees was uncertain. Rabbits would strip the bark from the small trees when the snow was deep and the rabbits could not find other food. If a tree was completely girdled it would not live. One of my fall jobs was to cover the trunks of the little trees with corn stalks which I would cut in the fields and carry to the orchard. Three or four of them would be trimmed and cut to the proper length to cover the trunk, then they would be tied into place by binding twine. This I would do on Saturdays in October and November, and the covering would be taken away in the spring. This was effective protection, and when we came upon the plan no more trees were lost. Once the trees developed a thick and rough bark they were not disturbed. Father had a neighbor who owned a portable machine for the weaging of wire fencing. This man came and wove a fine-meshed fence five feet high entirely around the orchard, with the idea that the mesh was close enough to prevent the rabbits from getting into the orchard. But the rabbits out-smarted us, by digging under the fence, so we had to continue with the year to year process of tying stalks around the trees to protect them.

Even though the topography of the farm was irregular enough to provide good drainage, there were some low places which would be too wet and soggy in the spring

to permit plowing or working. Father secured the Hansen boys who were skilled in laying tile, to come and lay strings of tile along the wet spots, and the tile would carry the water away, but it was deep enough so the plowing, and the cultivation of the soil above it would not break the tile or interfere with the drainage.

When telephones became well enough developed to be cared for by people who were not experts, about fifteen of the farmers of our community formed a telephone company, bought a telephone for each home, set poles and ran lines to the central office in Center Junction. When this was under discussion there were many meetings of the interested farmers to reach conclusions about the details of taking care of the enterprise involved, of building the line, securing the operator, and arranging for connection with other lines. Many of these meetings were held at our home, and we had a part in doing the work necessary to get the lines in place.

About this same time a power and light company ran a high line along the south side of the railroad track from the east to the west. It would have been possible to connect the farm buildings with the line and to have had electricity for light and power at that time. The cost would have been $500.00 to make the connection, with an additional monthly charge for the current. Father decided against having the connection made. He however was called upon to grant the company the right of building the line through his property and granting the privilege of entering the property for maintenance and the making of repairs. The company was to pay the cost of any damage done during their work. Electricity for the farm waited until long after father and mother were gone-- until the Rural Electrical Administration was organized on a national scale, and current could be supplied at much less cost. Then the wiring was done and the convenience of electrical service was made possible.

With father's death the farm was left to five heirs, in undivided fifths. Lila and Ray had been helped financially before his death, so the property was left to the other five members of the family. For a time Myron managed the farm in the interest of all of the heirs. Ross succeeded him in taking care of this responsibility, and finally I was asked to do it. Ray was the final renter of the property. He had

Opprtujity to sell the farm he owned, after Margaret's death, but wished to continue his farming operations, so he moved into his one-time home, and carried on the work until his death in 1939. The next year his personal property was sold at public auction, and H.T. Schnittjer, Elizabeth's husband, took care of matters connected with the estate. Shortly thereafter, in accordance with the wishes of father's heirs, I sold the farm to Ransom Brady, for $98.00 an acre, and made the distribution of the income according to the specifications of father's will. Father had his own ideas with regard to maintaining the fertility of the soil. He always kept a good deal of live stock. The manure he spread over the tillable acres, and this kept the soil rich and fertile. He never used commercial fertilizers. Aunt Della's property in Center Junction, which he had bought at the time of his marraige to her, was left to her, together with the income from $7,000.00, which was paid to her year after year up to the time of her death.

The farm is now operated by Arlo and Galen Brady, sons of Ransom Brady. They have added some buildings-- a garage, a double corn crib, and hog sheds. A few summers ago a hard wind took down the silo and the tower of the windmill, which had stood for nearly seventy years. An electric pump takes the place of the windmill, and the reservoir still serves as a storage place for the water. L large weeping willow stands in front of the house, and one of the stately Scotch pines which stood there has gone, as well as the trees of the orchard, the maple grove, the maple trees along the lane, and other trees about the house. The Brady brothers have followed an excellent farming practice, plowing the slopes to the south of the house on contours, and farming by strips, to conserve the black soil which was eroded by the hard rains.

Once in a while we visit the farm to bring back memories of the many years we lived and worked there, and of the loved ones who were so close to us throughout that entire period of our lives.